THE COMMONWEAL

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THE WILMINGTON PLAN

ANCIENT poets used to believe that gold was not merely precious but also, in a peculiar way, aristocratic and even sacred. It must be admitted that many of us get the same impression from noticing how intimately the subject of finance is bound up with the verities of religion. The Catholic pulpit's function as a gatherer of funds is now so familiar that it is regarded somewhat humorously, as a foible that goes hand in hand with divine worship. Non-Catholics, too, are faced with grave financial problems and have come to accept the "drive" as an integral part of the religious program. So general, in short, are the relations between faith and finance that there is some danger lest the difficulties involved, far from arousing a tolerant smile, may engender suspicion and indifference. This is an age when ecclesiastical corporations (the Catholic Church of Bavaria, for instance) float huge loans in the money market; when the enterprise of religious education reckons its incomes and expenditures in millions annually; and when a "drive" for some such project as near East relief raises a sum which would not be discarded as trifling by Wall Street itself. Obviously a more than relative importance attaches to the proper administration of these huge funds. Donors, approached time and time again, naturally wonder "where all the money goes"; and such speculation, when left to its own resources, has more frequently than not bred resentment.

On the other hand the absolute necessity of money to religion has seldom been grasped by many. The hermits led a perfect life in the desert and had no need for anything accessory. But not all men are hermits or perfect religious. The deepest meaning of the Church as a society of souls is that it expresses and fosters in the liturgy the union of men in the life of Christ—a task which demands not merely a [redacted] external expression through the medium of the sacred arts, but also a deep and exacting educational training. How can this meaning be realized if poverty prevents the attainment of such elementary things as the erection of churches, the training of priests, the exercise of educational influence? That there are places in the United States where the Faith has completely died out; that there are whole urban groups which have given up religion—these facts may indeed prove that sanctity is rare, but they show clearly how great a force financial power is in the life of the Church.

In a recent pastoral letter, the Right Reverend Edmond J. FitzMaurice, Bishop of Wilmington, Delaware, throws definite light on the subject by examining conditions in his own territory. "Here in the city of Wilmington," he says, "Catholics can enjoy with little

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effort all the consolations of their religion. Let them try to visualize the distressing condition—the appalling loneliness of soul—of those other Catholics whom life forces to dwell far from church and school, far from priestly ministrations, far from the regular celebration of Holy Mass, and totally deprived of the beautiful devotions of the Church! Parents gradually grow indifferent, the children attend other Sunday schools and in time are numbered among the sheep who are not of the Fold." The bishop says that there are no parish schools in Delaware outside of Wilmington and its suburbs; that in many towns of some size no church has been built; that many of the country edifices are "mere shacks," the meanest buildings in the district, which "must of necessity give an inferiority complex to those who frequent them." He alludes to the anti-Catholic prejudice which flourishes in many places, and believes that it has been caused by complete unfamiliarity with priests. Such are conditions in Wilmington diocese, and one knows they are not the worst which a careful scrutiny of the Church in the United States would reveal.

Such a situation calls for money, and beyond that for the wisest possible expenditure of that money. Bishop FitzMaurice was, indeed, writing to his flock out of a motive far better and more practical than that of trying to paint a realistic picture of conditions. He wrote because he had faith in the remedy and because he wanted that remedy. A generous benefactor, Mr. John J. Raskob, had made a gift of half a million dollars outright. He had also promised another half-million on condition that an equal amount be raised by popular subscription. Thus the Catholics of Delaware had been given the opportunity to establish the work of the Church on a solid basis, in so far as that is a matter of financing. The "golden chance" of this character is not, of course, unparalleled. Other large donations have aided the Catholic cause in America, and of the tale of charity there is no end. What makes the event in the Diocese of Wilmington quite unique and unusually interesting is the method which has been developed for handling the fund.

The Bishop declares: "With a view to securing its permanency and prudent administration, as well as to facilitate the reception of money through wills and deeds of trust, the contemplated fund will be placed in the hands of a special corporation formed for the purpose and composed of clergy and laymen under the presidency of the Bishop. This will be known as the 'Catholic Foundation of the Diocese of Wilmington, Incorporated.'" A reading of the certificate of incorporation reveals that the organization is to be perpetual; that it is to consist of seven members, three of whom are priests nominated by the ordinary and elected by an approving vote of five, and three of whom are lay members "of the Roman Catholic Church and residents of the diocese"; that the Bishop is ex-officio president of the corporation; that this is a body having powers to manage the property entrusted to it "as fully and amply as individual persons can do with their own property," and to act as trustee in cases demanding such action; and that decisions are dependent upon an affirmative vote of at least five members.

One must not be led astray by the seeming novelty of the plan. It is really only an adaptation of traditional Catholic practice to modern conditions; and the fact that as Americans we are relatively unfamiliar with such procedure is due, in great measure, to violences and disturbances which belong to a bygone age. The many advantages of such an arrangement are, we think, patent. It encourages and greatly strengthens confidence. By reason of its perpetuity, the corporation destroys the impression that ecclesiastical financing is nothing more nor less than a sieve constantly drained. It also makes possible the coöperation of men who know their way about in contemporary banking and investments, whose judgment is trusted by the business world, and who will therefore be considered by the people who give to religious causes as faithful and careful custodians. Nobody knows needs and conditions so well as the bishop and his priests, who contribute their experience and enthusiasm to what is verily a "perfect corporation." The development of worship through the building of churches and the diffusion of priests; the establishment and improvement of schools; the performance of corporal and spiritual works of mercy in the spirit of Christian faith—these are essential tasks which can be accomplished most successfully when coöperation and mutual trust supplant indifference and suspicion that is bred of lack of information.

We think that the method here inaugurated is sure to be studied and approved of widely throughout the country. It is undeniable that money as such is a necessary aid to religion, but that this money is a force which demands the proper control and direction. "Great sums nobly employed" is a slogan which can accomplish a world of good in a world that constantly requires being kept good. One is impressed, incidentally, by the similarity existing between what is being done in Wilmington and the system of university control now in force at Marquette University and outlined in this number of The Commonweal by Dr. Fitzpatrick. Here as there the goal is escape out of chaos into confidence. It implies a vision of opportunities and an understanding of methods which even those quite unfamiliar with such matters can realize and appreciate. And if, quite by the way, a certain new grant of power is given to the layman, that should also be accepted as a notable sign of advancing order. It means that we are growing out of the turbulences and troubles of our too nationalistic past into a sturdier consciousness of our solidarity as a people rooted firmly in civic and ecclesiastical unity. The kind of thing that has been happening in Rhode Island—essentially a form of petty tribal rebellion—belongs to a day that is now over. The work to which the Diocese of Wilmington has set its hand seems to us to be destined to prevail greatly throughout the future.

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WEEK BY WEEK

HOW sensitive a mechanism our industrial system is is indicated by the reigning phenomena of tight money and increased unemployment which, it seems, are to make this "presidential year" run true to form. No satisfactory explanation has been offered for the rise in call rates or the drop in the number of those employed by major manufacturers and distributors. But that bread lines and other plain signs of joblessness do exist is a fact which investigators are steadily verifying. Dr. Hamilton, sleuthing for the state of New York, has reported "serious distress." Indeed he goes so far as to say that "one has to go back to 1921 to find an unemployment situation rivaling the present." The building trades, it seems, have been affected to a marked degree. There is, of course, considerable political ammunition in such findings, especially since the Coolidge administration has talked so steadily about prosperity, and one must avoid giving them too lurid a significance. The situation in the mining industry is, however, a major evil which the Washington government could take its share in remedying, were it not for a dilatory cast of mind which cannot be criticized and deplored too sharply. We are far from applauding the comment on American business conditions which Mr. Theodore Dreiser essayed after his recent return from Russia. In one respect, however, he is profoundly right. Conditions in the coal fields are a disgrace to the nation and a huge blot on the record of our industrial leadership, which in many ways has revealed its consciousness of a stewardship that must answer, verily, also to the poor.

EXTRAVAGANT as some of the statements seem that are credited to Signor Mario Carli, editor of the ultra-fascist organ l'Impero, there is so much sound thinking behind his plea for a new aristocracy that many who do not believe in what is popularly called aristocracy at all, and who regard all attempts to graft monkey-glands upon a senescent institution as so much time wasted, will find themselves going at least half way with him. "Aristocracy living on the past," says Signor Carli, "without contributing to the present and without constituting the highest sphere of command and education does not deserve the name of aristocracy." It is pleasant to find a brother editor in Italy practically paraphrasing an idea which we ourselves, about two years ago, tried to put into terms that would not sound too alien to contemporary thought. Briefly, this was the old mediaeval notion that splendor should be the reward of danger—that the right place for the great names is on the front line, in war and peace as well, and that there is something disreputable in a class that flaunts knightly and noble trappings inherited from the past while leading ignoble and secure lives in the present. Democracy, it may be said, spares us who live in America from this disedifying spectacle. Whether it saves us from the danger itself is another question. One function of a privileged class that advertises its privileges deserves not to be overlooked. It serves as a barometer when attention needs to be drawn to a general let-down in manners and morals. Unless all reports from Europe (and Signor Carli) are misleading us, there was never a time when this function was being more briskly discharged.

ONE application made to the Council of the League of Nations may be known, without official announcement, to have been refused. For sheer impudence, the suggestion that the members of the Council should sponsor the screen version of the life and death of Edith Cavell, known as Dawn, would be difficult to surpass. Fortunately the members of the League Council are informed in advance of the attitude of certain prominent fellow-countrymen of Nurse Cavell in regard to such an outrageous proposal. Sir Austen Chamberlain, invited to witness a showing of the film, replied that not only must he refuse to be a party to the exploitation of a brave woman's fame for the purpose of making money for a movie company, but that he deprecated the idea that one who had been a figure of fortitude, and at the same time a child of universal charity, should be smirched by the suggestion that she should perpetuate hatred among the nations. His opinion of the value of the picture was promptly echoed by Lady Oxford and Asquith, and then came John Galsworthy to add his word of condemnation to all those that had been voiced against the cheapest form of commercialism that the movie industry has yet had charged against it. Nurse Cavell did not look for fame, she won it as Nurse Nightingale and other brave women who thought of others and not of them-

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selves achieved it. It cannot be taken from her, even by the movie merchants, who are incapable of appreciating that not love of notoriety but love for mankind made her brave to face life and death.

WE HAVE had occasion to comment upon the Catholic Union of International Study, which unifies those Catholics who work either officially or informally in the entourage of the League of Nations and which has accomplished much toward making clear the position of the Church on affairs of international moment. Those promoting the work, particularly the Baron de Montenach, soon saw the advisability of establishing a Catholic Club in Geneva, and secured ecclesiastical approval for the venture. Such a club is of the greatest usefulness to the work of international study, making possible as it does friendly meetings between those who come from various parts of the world. More than fifty private organizations have made foundations there, and the information bureaus established by the Zionists and the International Christian Institute are well known. So far Catholics have been satisfied with inconspicuousness, even if individuals have done everything within their power to act in the spirit of that unity and solidity enjoined by their faith.

PRACTICAL steps have been taken to ensure the life and efficacy of the Club. In conformity with Swiss law, a company or "society" has been formed with headquarters in Fribourg to serve as the organization responsible for the Geneva Club. Statutes and by-laws have been carefully drawn up and submitted for ecclesiastical approval, so that there can be no question of the sanction given to the movement. Shares in the "society" are offered for sale at a nominal figure, and it is hoped that in this way the sum of 50,000 Swiss francs can be raised—enough to provide a club-house and to pay the salary of a permanent secretary. So many Americans now visit Geneva, in one capacity or another, that the project should interest at least a considerable number here. The movement eagerly desires to awaken some enthusiasm in the United States, for the reason that the position occupied by the Church in this free land is widely admired and respected abroad. During a recent hasty visit to New York, the Baron de Montenach outlined the purposes of the "society." It remains to add that an American, Mr. Michael Francis Doyle of Philadelphia, is the president of the organization.

WHAT was probably the last article ever written by Dr. William Elliot Griffis appears in this issue of The Commonweal. Less than a week after the manuscript of Japanese Exiles of the Faith reached this office, word was flashed from Winter Park, Florida, where it had been written, that the distinguished educator and historian had died suddenly of a heart attack. In a letter accompanying the manuscript Dr. Griffis had declared that the memories of the scenes he had recalled for readers of this review were so vivid after fifty-eight years that he had scarcely been able to restrain his emotions while putting his recollections on paper. Certainly the chronicle is presented in a manner which conveys the lasting impression made at the time by this moving drama of heroism. What is not told in the article is that Dr. Griffis, while still stirred by these scenes of exaltation, hastened to find someone through whom representations could be made to the authorities at Tokio, and by his prompt action was largely instrumental in abating the persecution of Catholics as well as Protestants. Death came to one whose work for Japan in the educational field had won for him the decoration of the Rising Sun, at the age of eighty-four. The years were dignified by achievement in enriching other lives, sweetened by tolerance born of understanding, and ennobled by ever-increasing charity.

ONLY a few years before the events of which Dr. Griffis writes, the faith of the Japanese Catholics which had been preserved as a sacred, hidden heritage through two centuries and a half, occasionally brought to light that it might be glorified by martyrdom, was revealed at Nagasaki to a French priest. It is recorded that his kinship to those first missionary priests who had converted their ancestors 250 years before was established by the fact that he taught the authority of the Pope as the supreme head of the Church, the veneration of the Blessed Virgin and the celibacy of the clergy. Today all Japanese Catholics rejoice as they see the reward of those years of fidelity and steadfastness under persecution. To them comes one of their own number as bishop, consecrated by the hands of that Pope of Rome whose sovereignty they and their fathers so staunchly maintained in the dark days. Well might His Holiness remark, in granting this signal honor to the Right Reverend Januarius Hayasaka, that the raising to the episcopate of a native Japanese marked an epoch in the life of the Church.

PIGS is pigs! In spite of all temptations to belong to other nations in the order of nature, pigs is pigs from succulent suckling to full-savored summons to the morning meal. So regarded, they become a compensation and a consolation to travelers in this vale of tears and an inspiration to rhapsody on the part of Doctor Angelicus when the blessings of this life are canvassed in the Quiet Corner. But of course such impetuous appreciation is entirely unscientific. Science supreme, science pontifical, does not accept anything so obvious as that pigs is pigs. It is nothing if not reasonable, it will accept nothing that is not reasonable. Its idea of what is reasonable about pigs works out in this fashion: a pig looks like a pig, sometimes a man looks and acts like a pig, ergo, a pig is a man. Some may not be able to appreciate either the logical or the physical sequence which produces such a pronouncement, but that is simply because they are not scientific. Some six years ago, in an old river bed out

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in Nebraska, someone dug up a tooth. Had that someone been a little more industrious he might have dug up several more of them, for the ancient pig that knew not the frying-pan had left several behind him when he passed away. They have found them since. But instead of digging, the someone hastened to a scientist. Then the sensation was sprung.

SOBER science became strangely excited. Here was what it had been seeking for years—reasonable proof that a pig was a man. It traced that pig back for a few million years until it had him climbing trees and playing on the fife. It proved conclusively that porky was a man, because he fought with his brothers and bashed them over the head with an elephant bone when they insisted on playing The Maiden's Prayer, or some other tune he did not like. It even got to the point where it called him names, and as Hesperophithecus Haroldcookii he finally found his way into the esteemed New York Times which gave what it labeled "in all likelihood an authentic picture" of Harold the pig as the representative of "the first known human life in the world." Now comes the same high-class journal to announce on its first page that for six years the affection lavished on Harold by scientists from Paraguay to Painted Post has been love's labor lost. In face of the authoritative affirmation of the Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History of February, 1925, that every suggestion made by scientific sceptics had been weighed and found wanting, those other teeth which Harold left carelessly around, instead of putting them in a glass on the dresser, have scored once more for those whose unbelieving habit of mind is scorned by the real scientists.

THE Alabama press, which may have some slight knowledge whereof it speaks, has treated Senator Heflin rather roughly. We confess to having read what it said with more than a little pleasure, although we remain fully conscious of the debt which American Catholics owe to Heflin for having made the cause of bigotry the present of so ridiculous and bombastic a spokesman. How can the most convinced of genteel bigots forget that playing his part in public must inevitably invite a comparison with the great Garrick and Booth of the Senate? Apparently, however, the magnificent are never without their audience. We have noted several spirited defenses of Heflinism from various pulpits. More entertaining is one couched in the form of a letter to Time, the news weekly, and emanating from no less august a place than Princeton Theological Seminary. The writer fancies there may "be some basis for truth" behind the well-known Alabaman's utterances after all, and recalls the "groveling" at Canossa, the adventures of Frederick Barbarossa and the authorization of the Inquisition. "What can happen once, can happen again," the writer remarks sagely. One concedes this last point and suggests that before another such letter gets out of Princeton, President Hibben lend an inquisitive eye to the kind of history being taught in his university. The young should be made to acquire some understanding of the facts they tabulate so neatly in their memories, lest in rushing to print with their views they remind us altogether too forcibly of a certain familiar saying by one Alexander Pope.

ANNOUNCEMENT that Cardinal L'Epicier has been installed as cardinal titular of the famous church of Santa Susanna in Rome has particular interest for Americans. For several years this edifice, which adjoins the American Embassy, was the titular church of Cardinal Bonzano—most appropriately, since it is the church of the American Catholics in Rome, administered by the Paulist Fathers, an American congregation. The former apostolic delegate to the United States was proud that he could claim in special manner this headquarters of the English-speaking residents of Rome, which had been assigned to the Paulists by Pope Benedict XV in January, 1922. The church has no endowment and is supported entirely by donations from English-speaking residents and visitors, for whom a reading-room is maintained by an association formed for the assistance of the church as a centre for those who enjoy the privileges of attending services at which the English language is used. Santa Susanna is one of the historic churches of Rome. In the year 325 the bodies of Saint Susanna and of Saint Gabinius, her father, were taken from the cemetery of Saint Alexander by Pope Sylvester I and placed in the crypt, where they now rest. Under the altar of the crypt rest also the bodies of Saint Felicitas, widow and martyr, and Saint Silvanus, her youngest son. In the chapel of Saint Lawrence are the bodies of Saint Eleutherius, bishop and martyr, and Saint Genesius, patron saint of actors.

DISCOVERIES in the ancient city of Ur—"Ur of the Chaldees" from which Abraham started so many years ago on his journeyings—have been numerous but none more remarkable than that announced early this year by Mr. Woolley, who is in charge of the excavations. On opening a royal tomb there were found the entire royal retinue slaughtered in situ to accompany their master to the next world and provide him there with a proper following. The harper lay beside his harp; three grooms by the asses slaughtered at the chariot pole. An officer of rank, so it would seem from his ornaments, other attendants and eleven women and two children, presumably the royal harem. The custom is known elsewhere, of course, for the Scandinavians in their boat burials provided the dead viking with a crew slain for the purpose, and the Scythians placed a troop of horsemen at the service of a dead leader. When that mysterious potentate "the first emperor" of China died, the records tell us that his successor caused a great and secret tomb to be made in which were placed those of the dead man's wives who

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had never borne him children; attendants of various kinds; and, finally, that the secret of the grave might not be revealed, all the workmen who had been concerned in its construction. Then the emperor regent and his chief officers filled in the remaining cavity, covered the stones with turfs and went away, leaving the unhappy victims to their fate.

MOST interesting to the observer of educational progress is the steady development of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music. When this institution opened, it could offer only a very few courses under conditions which were not free from a "certain experimental tinge." Confidence in the rightness of the effort and enthusiasm for liturgical life were able, however, to build up a school which has not only stimulated the study of religious worship in various parts of the country but has also given to students a wider and wider course of study under constantly improving circumstances. We note, for instance, that the spring courses, which opened some weeks back, include several innovations. Demonstration classes in the Ward method as a practical course in clinical pedagogy and ensemble classes in piano and violin are being offered for the first time. Needless to say, the excellent training in Gregorian chant, choir conducting, theory and harmony is being continued. One of the most interesting aspects of the School is the weekly rehearsal of Mass and Vespers by the choir. It is most encouraging to see that an institution which has contributed so much to American Catholic culture, and for which an increasing need will be manifest, is flourishing so notably.

DR. HUGH CABOT'S words anent the passing of the old-fashioned medical man as a necessary sacrifice to the advances of preventive and curative science may well awaken a retrospective sigh. The general practitioner, old style, called upon in a course of four or five years to master the causes of all the ills that flesh is heir to and with precious little subsequent chance to do more than put into force what knowledge he had acquired, may have been short on theory. But he was decidedly long on practice. How far the post-graduate course in diagnosis forced on him by his calling made him a better physician probably depended on those uncertain factors—"vocation" and the scientific spirit. But we suspect he made a great many discoveries none the less valuable because they died with him and went into prescriptions and bedside advice rather than into medical journals. His day-to-day fight was with symptoms, his immediate function mainly analgesic. The advances of medical science, which, as a recent professional writer has reminded us, have added, in some half-century, a fractional proportion of two years to the average expectation of life at forty, may transfer his activities to clinics and specialists. But it will be well for the new men (and women) if the tradition of his anonymous kindness and helpfulness rests upon their work as a benefaction.

MARRIAGE MATHEMATICS

MR. CHESTERTON, after conceding to the mathematicians that two times two are four, declares that "two times one are not two, but two thousand times one," and concludes that this is why the "world will always return to monogamy." It is asserted by scientists who ought to know that a tendency to abide by "one true love" is manifest among many of the higher animals; and certainly the history of the human race indicates that of all the forms of unity toward which mankind has tended, the stability of the family relation is the most apparent and prominent. One needs to come back to such facts again and again, for the reason that they indicate that the Christian sacrament of matrimony is not an artificial product, but just another instance of how grace perfects something that is inherently natural. To be sure, in spite of lines of argument that seem original, there is no specifically modern critique of marriage. From time immemorial this institution has been something like a classic form, a moment of perfect balance, to which many could not attain. Divorce proceedings of various kinds are as old as the hills. Divorce in turn has created the advertising campaign for "companionate marriages" which have appealed to many as a convenient way out of a too burdensome contract.

It would be futile to deny the appeal of a suggestion which, in a measure, reflects the care-free if lawless and often tragic ways of Montmartre student life. If one happens to believe in "love" and not much else besides, playing a kind of sexual progressive whist in order to find the right partner in the end may well seem an inviting game, especially since an atmosphere of perfect decorum is created by the law. In a civilization like ours, so chaotic and so not at all classical, one must expect a great deal of tampering with the most elemental and therefore the most universal of human relationships. The immeasurable harm that will result, that is, indeed, already mounting high, must be accepted as part of the tariff that is paid by all the members of society for social extravagance. Even Catholic children are not immune to the example set; and what must be the outcome in the minds of boys and girls whose parents have elected to go easy, lawless and electrically lighted ways?

The Child Welfare Committee of America, recently in session, talked very frankly of the influence exerted by "homes out of order" upon the growing child. Social workers told the assembly that no environment at all comparable with the "old-fashioned home" could be devised by society. Such homes are being lessened rather than increased, however, by attempts to render the marriage ring a ticket to a "good time." Matters would be somewhat less alarming if the "companionate" experiments actually did succeed finally in teaching the young miss who "tries out" divers men and apartments something about home-making and loyalty in love. But promiscuity has never made for devotion,

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frank naturalism for modesty, childlessness for motherhood. One cannot grow through such experiences into happiness; one can only, at best, be converted from them toward happiness through redemption. Meanwhile it is distressing to note that while such facts are being overlooked, no more real effort is made to prepare men and women for life in the married state than is made to train down-town New Yorkers in the art of hoeing gardens. We love, spoil, over-educate children, but our knowledge of what to do for them makes a muddled beginning on baby's birthday and goes on muddling for years afterward.

We do not think, however, that the child is the only thing that needs emphasis in the modern family relation. What sense is there in stating with palpable regret that the modern man or woman is interested in developing his or her personality? The process cannot be stopped. It is a contemporary habit which runs in grooves long since become atavistic. Indeed one ought earnestly to wish that the "personality interest" would increase vastly more than it does. Nevertheless one sees that better understanding of how to take care of this part of life inside the married state is needed. Religion, for instance, still steers very shy of the whole subject. People who accept with enthusiasm the gorgeous poetic trappings which Francis Thompson and his kindred have thrown around religious experience, dismiss Coventry Patmore and that wonderful French mother-artist Henriette Charasson as so much "mooning" which must be talked of only occasionally and discreetly. One knows that hundreds of people are "instructed" for marriage on a series of "dont's." Has anybody ever trained a saint or a good religious that way? The world needs nothing so badly as pictures, or even snap-shots, of the wide and beautiful plateaus which open to those who take, in the proper spirit and all the grandeur of true human powers, the sacrament of union which Christ established so specifically and rapturously.

THE VOICE ON THE WIRES

NOW that the Pan-American Conference has arrived at a happy ending, there is room for the discussion of extra-official means by which a better understanding among the American peoples can be promoted. It is imperative, one knows, that business representatives acquire a certain amount of the diplomatic manner and learn to appreciate, at least occasionally, the realms in which they ply their trades. It is no less desirable that ignorant commentators who write books so characteristic of themselves should be urged to visit the moon or some place equally remote from Latin America. Finally the time has come to wonder if our bureaus of information—our press services, in short—are equipped to meet the demands of the time.

It was noted at Havana that practically none of the United States correspondents understood Spanish; that the knowledge of affairs displayed was practically nil; and that, despite the professional efficiency of veteran newspapermen, there was little writing that managed to be more than a perfunctory narrative of events. The explanation for all this is easy to seek. Latin America has never meant "news" to the United States. It is only recently that we have outgrown the habit of lumping such countries as Brazil and Chile with the Malay Peninsula in one great heap labeled the "wilds." And so the press here has never satisfactorily organized its South American service, nor delegated first-rate men to get at affairs there. Between the Rio Grande and Tierra del Fuego there is not a single correspondent who would be entrusted with a beat in Paris or Berlin. How ludicrous the results sometimes are is indicated by despatches from Mexico City to the Associated Press and to the New York Times stating that El Excelsior carried news to the effect that "Bishop Burke of Canada" had been invited to help settle the religious situation engendered by the activities of Calles. The reference was, of course, to a news item released by the New York Herald Tribune regarding a rumor that the Reverend John Burke, of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, was en route to discuss the matter with the Mexican authorities!

That the seeming indifference of the United States press to Latin-American affairs is deeply resented in various quarters is no secret. There is enlightenment in an editorial printed by the Mercurio Peruano, whose publisher, Victor Andres Belaunde, is a representative Peruvian of the more conservative type. The Associated Press and the United Press, it is asserted, constitute a "tyranny." Working together as they do, they control the formation of opinion regarding affairs on this continent. "When important facts in politics or world conduct are treated," the writer declares, "there is huzzahing and hurrahing for North American progress, and a lessening emphasis when any extra-American success is noted. The fists of Jack Dempsey are more familiar to us that the sessions of the League of Nations." It is charged that both agencies try to lessen the influence of Europe, that they are inimical to world peace, that they serve the interests of New York capitalists, and that they display utterly no understanding of the Peruvian mentality.

We realize that such an indictment is not based upon anything more serious than impressions. Neither news agency is a medium of propaganda, excepting in so far as it inevitably reflects "what is interesting" to the great majority of readers in the United States. But the hour is ripe for a little more effort to acquire sympathy with and accurate information about Latin America. The ignorance of all things Spanish is so manifest, the gullibility of newspapermen regarding Mexico in particular is so gross, that unless we see some semblance of improvement we must inevitably conclude, with the South American, that the pampas and the Andes, scenes of industry and old culture though they be, are of no interest to the New Yorker or to the "provincial" who swallows what he supplies.

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CATHOLIC COLLEGES AS CIVIC ASSETS

By EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK

WHAT is the relation of the Catholic college or university to the civic community in which it is located? I think I hear a demurrer, and this is its form: "The Catholic college is administered by a religious community. It is the concern of the religious community and of no one else. The religious community has made every sacrifice to support the college, and in its early stages, extraordinary sacrifice. No one apparently cares that we are here, no one helps us materially, we have looked for endowments in vain. This applies to lay Catholics generally and frequently to the secular clergy, as well as to other parts of the civic community. In short, we have been left severely alone, and we have had to be self-sufficient."

There is another point of view, and this is its form: "We feel very great need for some contact with the community, at least the Catholic part of it. The thing we have planned to do, or are doing, to establish this contact, is to select a representative man, make him our financial agent, or place him on the faculty, or give him other administrative office in the college, and have him go out and tell our story." That method has been tried, and, I fear, without very great result. The college pursues the even tenor of its way, is no less self-sufficient than in the first instance, and its representative is really an excrescence.

Another group recognizing the need of mutually reinforcing community contact, have been using the advisory board method. This method has been tried, but frequently it has not worked. Sometimes it has not been worked. At the basis of the practical failure of the advisory board method as ordinarily conceived is, I believe, the fear of the layman in the administration of the Catholic college. Estimable men without authority are called together frequently at the beginning of the movement, and later hardly at all, for advice and suggestions. These men, not having any authority, feel that the administration is the president's job, that they are busy anyway, and the whole thing becomes a part of the mimic administration which goes the way of all ineptitude. Auxiliaries of women have been more frequently useful, particularly when the administration has kept before them successively and continuously a number of things, frequently minor, to be done or to be financed.

A college or university may be self-sufficient, may regard itself as "imperium in imperio," and ordinarily, so far as the state is concerned, it generally will be left to itself. It is not therefore with the legal relations of college and community that I am concerned. That furnishes for the present not a major problem; and, if any, an incidental one.

But the question to be faced is: Does the college or university in its very nature imply some community obligation? For example, the obligation of service on the part of the college, and the obligation of support on the part of the community? Let us look at the question more closely.

A college is in its very nature a public service institution. It exists to render a public service—the education of a very impressionable part of the community, and the group from which in all likelihood the leaders in the various lines of community activity will come in large measure. The word "private" as applied to colleges is unfortunate as carrying at least suggestions or implications contrary to its obvious and inescapable public service duty and function.

The only genuine distinction between so-called public and so-called private institutions is the difference of support: the one is largely tax-supported, the other is largely supported by endowments; both are public. President Angell of Yale put the case well in his inaugural address:

> One truth must be clearly understood and cordially accepted: that while as a matter of law Yale stands on an independent foundation, in fact she is as much a part of our national system of education as any state university and she must bear her just part in solving the problems which this circumstance involves.

And what is gladly acknowledged by Yale will be just as gladly acknowledged by Harvard, Columbia, Chicago and Leland Stanford, as by Marquette, Georgetown, Notre Dame and the Catholic University.

The conception of the college itself as a civic asset has been frequently commented on. The president of Cornell University, Livingston Farrand, speaking at Rochester, New York, said that nothing of a stabilizing value for an American community can compare with the presence in its midst of a college of liberal arts or a university conducted on sound standards.

There should be kept in mind in considering this subject a familiar fact of American college life; namely, that to a surprising degree all the colleges and universities are, so far as the source of their students is concerned, largely local institutions. The point of view here contended for has been well put by Victor Branford, when he says that we must conceive the university as the whole community in its culture aspect, and he points out that when the university or college and the community are isolated we get "citizens starved of culture and students deprived of social purpose." In this connection it will be well to remember the neglected but significant fact that Saint Thomas Aquinas failed to complete his Summa "because of the too frequent calls to leave his chair at the University of Paris, and take his seat at the council boards of Christendom." Or finally, and perhaps more perti-

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nently for readers of The Commonweal, Victor Branford has the following to say:

> The most generalized lesson which the student of the middle-ages spells out is perhaps this: that in the specialization of spiritual services to the community, the university arose alongside of the cloister, and that both functioned usefully so long as they retained their sense of interconnection with each other, and of practical relationship to the community, both directly and through the secular church; but that all three organs withered as they fell apart from each other and from the everyday life of the city and the community. (Interpretations and Forecasts, page 294.)

The Catholic college renders a public service and is a community asset of the city in which it is located. Shall it attempt to identify itself more intimately with its community, or shall it go on the even tenor of its way doing its work, serving, and finding in its service its joy, more or less indifferent to its neighbors and sufficient unto itself?

Perhaps there is a larger opportunity for service, a greater joy in service, wider influence, more substantial support, in coöperation than now seems possible. At any rate the recent action of Marquette University in taking leading citizens of Milwaukee into a genuine coöperation raises the question and suggests an answer.

Marquette University through its board of trustees has constituted a board of governors, with definite and specific powers officially promulgated and printed. There is no doubt about the power, duty and responsibility of the board. It may consist of ten members, but for the present it consists of seven, five of whom are laymen; the two religious are members practically ex officio—the president of the University and the archbishop of the archdiocese. Three of the laymen are Protestants. All in all they are an extraordinary group of men, and particularly well chosen for the responsibility placed upon them.

In a general way practically the entire business administration of the University is placed in their hands, subject only to the fact that the property of the University remains in the name of the trustees of the University. The educational administration is entirely in the hands of the president of the University, the deans and the faculties. With the appointment of professors, the courses to be offered, the methods of teaching, they have nothing to do. Indirectly they may have something to do with educational policies, but only to see that there is adequate financial support to finance proposals. The powers of the board that have this indirect relation to education are as follows:

> They shall approve all plans of affiliation of outside colleges in the University system.
>
> They shall pass upon the establishment of new schools or departments and shall approve such establishment only when they are convinced that there is both a lasting need and adequate means of financing the addition over a period of years, in order to insure permanence and stability.
>
> They shall set the amount of tuition and other fees that shall be charged in each of the colleges, and provide scholarships for worthy students unable to pay tuition, to such number as seems desirable, and under general rules and regulations to be administered by the president. They shall fix the salary scale of all grades of instructors, which scale shall normally prevail throughout the University. The board will, however, make provision for such departures from this scale as may be necessary to enable the University to secure the services of exceptional scholars.
>
> They may establish or coöperate in the establishment of a system of pensions and retiring allowances for members of faculties whenever the University resources permit.
>
> They shall establish student loan funds.
>
> They may appoint advisory boards of men of high technical qualifications for the professional schools.

But their powers over the business administration are broad and explicit. These powers as formulated are:

> This board of governors of Marquette University shall have charge and direction of the finances and business management of the University, subject to the corporate rights of the trustees of Marquette University in the property of the University.
>
> They shall examine and study the business methods and management of the University.
>
> They shall appoint, upon nomination of the president, the business manager and other business officers of the University, and shall prepare rules and regulations for the salaries, tenure and conditions of employment of the clerical and business and non-educational administrative officers and employees of the University.
>
> They may prescribe rules and regulations for the management of all the property of the University, and of its several departments, and for the care and preservation thereof, with penalties and forfeitures by way of damages in case of temporary lease of such property to others.

The financial powers are as broad as the business powers. They are formulated thus:

> They shall authorize and supervise the construction of it is finally effective by the president of the University.
>
> They shall direct the investment or reinvestment of all the funds of the University and shall be charged generally with the financial administration of the University.
>
> They shall authorize and supervise the construction of new buildings, additions to the campus and other matters relating to capital expenditures. In general, it shall be the duty of the board to provide ways and means for the normal growth of the University, for the necessary expansion of the campus and addition of buildings and equipment, and for the replacement of superannuated buildings and equipment. In this matter the requirements of the normal growth of the University must be left to the judgment of the faculty as represented on the board by the president of the University.

They may receive gifts in the name of the University. They are charged with seeing that the principal of gifts is maintained intact and carefully invested, and that the income is used in accordance with the terms of the gift, and the regulations provide, "no gift may

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be accepted which limits the research for truth or the teaching of truth by the University."

To make clear that the authority is adequate to meet the responsibility, and that no limitation in the grant of power may stand in the way of the full possibility of service, a general grant of authority is made:

> The board of governors shall possess all the powers necessary and convenient to provide an efficient business administration and sound financing of Marquette University.

And in order that the rather strict division between the educational and business administration of the University may not stand in the way of an intelligent program of the business administration in the service of the educational administration, the board of governors is provided the means of informing itself on all aspects of the University work, as the following shows:

> They shall be provided annually at the meeting ending the fiscal year with a comprehensive report on all aspects of the University, physical, financial and educational.
>
> They may request a report on any aspect of the University's work at any time.

Under this proposal the University thus takes into actual partnership in its administration some of the leaders of the community. These men identified with the leading banking, commercial, industrial and social life of the community may authoritatively present from personal knowledge to their groups and to the community at large "the true inwardness of the University," its service and its needs. In that process lies, it seems to me, understanding based on knowledge, an educational service based on more intimate knowledge of needs, and, ultimately, what all colleges are bound to hope for—adequate financial support.

BARE KNUCKLES IN POLITICS

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

WHEN Frank B. Willis forced Herbert Hoover to take off his coat and fight for his life in the Ohio primaries, he did that too placid statesman a great favor. The Hoover boom was beginning to sag. Willis, with the cocksureness of a rooster in his own barnyard, crowed Hoover into action, and the result was an instant and mighty vivification.

And not among the silk stockings, either. All over the union hard-fisted politicians leaped to life. Hoover means to enter the primaries in nine states, or at least that is his intention at this writing. He means to leave Indiana and Kansas alone, by virtue of the absurd tradition that no true gentleman will interfere with the state which has a favorite son. But Willis has already provoked him into forgetting the tradition as far as Ohio is concerned, and if the compact between Willis, Watson, Curtis and Lowden becomes much more evident, there may be the same result in their states too.

The effect is already manifest. Before Hoover took up Willis's gaily tossed glove it was conceded that the Ohio boss would have all the delegates from his state except the four from Hamilton County (Cincinnati). But a few days after Hoover's announcement the city of Cleveland and county of Cuyahoga, at the opposite end of the state from Cincinnati, declared for Hoover, and there is no telling where the next break will come. All mankind loves a winner. As these lines are written Senator Willis is predicting that he will win a "victory." Victory! That means that he will have a majority of the delegates. Who doubted it before Hoover challenged him to a finish with bare knuckles? One week Willis had all of Ohio dumped in his game bag except four men; the next week he was proudly claiming more than half the delegation. Such was the effect in Ohio of Hoover's coming into the open.

As for other states, Kansas will send a solid delegation for Senator Curtis, every man of whom knows Curtis cannot be nominated and will be casting about for the big fish to whom he should prudently throw his vote the moment Curtis withdraws. Who will the big fish be? The only hints we have are that Secretary Jardine has already come out for Hoover and that ex-Governor Henry J. Allen, swearing fidelity to Curtis, couples each vow with the curious statement that Hoover would make an ideal President. It is easy to see the break in the fence through which the Kansas delegates will plunge as soon as Curtis makes his inevitable withdrawal.

Indiana may be a little more ticklish, because Senator Watson has a tighter grip on his machine than either Curtis or Willis. Of course not a man-jack in Indiana expects Watson to be nominated. He does not expect it himself. But Indiana men are politicians from their childhood, and the only question with them is to whom Watson will throw them when he in his turn makes his inevitable withdrawal. There is no doubt it will be Vice-President Dawes. Curtis would also like to throw his men to Dawes, but he has not the same iron grip on Kansas that Watson has on Indiana. It goes without saying that when Lowden withdraws, which will be early, he will throw Illinois to Dawes if he can. The offensive and defensive alliance between those sworn enemies, Governor Small and Mayor Thompson, may spoil that plan. With their usual acuteness they have gone about the business early, not waiting to switch the delegates but fighting to keep Lowden men from becoming delegates at all.

When the sham candidates have all withdrawn, the fight over their coffins will be between Hoover and Dawes. Dawes is not a candidate, but that is only

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strategy. All the delegates now being garnered for Watson are meant for Dawes, and though Willis's megalomania may prevent him from saying it at the moment, that is the destination of such delegates as Hoover leaves him. He may not be so dense as he seems, for he did get Curtis, Watson and Lowden to enter themselves as second-choice candidates in Ohio. That means that when Willis withdraws, whoever gets his delegates, it will not be Hoover. In other words, in spite of all his noises, Willis knows he will have to withdraw. He is merely determined that when he does Hoover shall get no benefit from it. He must know that by the time he withdraws Curtis, Lowden and Watson will also be out of the race, so the only strategic end he can possibly have in view is to turn the Willis delegates over to Dawes.

The present arrangement is a combination among the bogus candidates whereby each goes into the convention with the votes of his own state and some scattering delegates elsewhere, and sooner or later presents them to the obvious man, who is Dawes. It has to be Dawes, because no other Republican fills the bill. Lowden's boom has gone dead, though he is a good man. Curtis would make a good President, but is quite impossible as a candidate. Watson is able but is trusted by nobody because of his readiness to suit his attitude to the momentary exigencies of politics, and Willis was once correctly summed up by an adversary as " a cathedral chime with a dollar movement."

In the states where the opposition to Hoover is camouflaged, pretty much the same situation exists. The most comic is New York, where the opposition has no candidate against Hoover but sternly insists that the delegation must go to Kansas City unpledged. The Hooverites agreed to this, and the organization counted it, as Mr. Willis would say, a "victory." The only sense in which it is a victory is that the Hooverites will content themselves with voting for Mr. Hoover and not try to turn Chairman Morris and National Committeeman Hilles out of their seats. They would be stupid if they did.

As at Kansas City most of the New Yorkers will vote for Mr. Hoover and at the same time vote to retain Mr. Hilles on the National Committee, the state organization can claim a Pyrrhic or Willic victory. Hoover's New York manager, William H. Hill, returned from an up-state survey saying that five in every seven persons he met were for Hoover. Such preconvention claims are usually and rightly dismissed as so much hogwash, but in this case there is every reason to suppose that Mr. Hill spoke the truth, whether he intended to or not. Meanwhile Mr. Morris and Mr. Hilles are shivering, each in his different way, from the cold blast of their "victory." Mr. Hilles, protesting that he has nothing against Mr. Hoover and is only seeking to give the delegates a free hand, cannot restrain himself from bitter slurs at the Secretary in public. The fertile mind of Mr. Morris conceives the bright idea of going to Washington and calling on Mr. Coolidge, so that the reporters, if they like, may draw the inference that the President is willing to take another term. With one accord the reporters refuse to draw the inference, and Mr. Morris returns to New York to think up another clever idea to stop that state's gallop toward the Hoover band wagon.

A somewhat similar situation exists in Pennsylvania. Mr. Mellon hopes to control the delegates to the last minute, though he is by no means so unfriendly to Mr. Hoover as Mr. Hilles is. The Pennsylvania situation is mixed. Mr. Mellon cannot afford to have any of the other bosses claim to have made an inroad into his possession of the north and west, and has to hold on to the delegation for self-protection. If worse comes to worst he will declare himself a candidate for President, of course with no idea that he can be nominated, but to hold Pennsylvania intact. So the Pennsylvania delegation is to go uninstructed.

But it becomes more and more evident that only the iron hand of the bosses can hold the Hoover sentiment down in any state of the union. Left to itself the Republican party would nominate him on the first ballot. The trick of defeating the general choice by banking up the states behind favorite sons for several ballots until the candidate is "stopped" and then picking some mongrel nominee after the favorite sons have withdrawn is very old. Sometimes it has worked, but more often it has failed.

Hoover is the favorite son of the Republican party, but Smith is about all there is of the Democratic. Every effort to bring out a candidate against him has flopped, until Senator Reed became a serious candidate. The fight at Houston will be between Smith and Reed. It is apparent that Reed's delusion is the same as Willis's. He really thinks he can be nominated. The groundwork of his dream is much sounder than that of Willis. Reed knows that no dry can be nominated, that even the South will accept a wet, and that as between a Catholic and a Protestant, the South will prefer him to Smith.

His present program is to side-step both religion and prohibition and to make his campaign on the subject of the corruption that existed under the Harding administration. It is the unsubstantial pageant of a dream. In 1924 John W. Davis and all who followed him made the very same thing an issue against Coolidge, with the result that Coolidge was triumphantly elected and Davis was an also ran. The American people did not hold Harding's transgression against Coolidge in spite of the ingenuity of Senators Walsh and Wheeler and the troop that followed in their train, headed by the Democratic candidate for President. Four years later Senator Reed thinks it will be the issue against—of all people—Herbert Hoover. Governor Smith is wiser and has no such illusions. Houston has its choice between Peter Pan and Al Smith. There is no other choice, notwithstanding all the favorite sons and the comedy element introduced by the effort to get Mr. McAdoo to pose again as the Don Quixote of the drys.

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FINANCES IN THE FREE STATE

AN INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT COSGRAVE

By DAVID MARSHALL

WITH much to stir and interest him in rapidly changing American scenes, Mr. William T. Cosgrave, President of the Council of the Irish Free State, confined his remarks pretty closely to the practical affairs of his country. They seemed to be his life, and he talked to you about them (during moments that could be put to no other use) because he felt that you were interested in this life.

With a recurrent revenue of nearly $118,000,000 against which they had had an ordinary expenditure of some $115,500,000, the President said, the Irish Free State, at the close of the last fiscal year, had a surplus of, roughly, $2,500,000. The national debt was $83,870,000, or only 71 percent of one year's ordinary revenue, and the per capita debt of $28 compared with $174 for the United States, $298 for Canada, $379 for Australia, $840 for Great Britain.

The tax revenue had been about $106,850,000, the President continued, of which $27,315,000, or more than a quarter, had been produced by the income tax. The protective tariff had produced $34,180,000 in the form of customs duties, and the excise had yielded $33,500,000, leaving a balance of $11,855,000, roughly, to be raised in other ways. And yet these revenues were produced after the income tax had been cut from six shillings in the pound in 1921 to three shillings for the year under consideration; after the tax on sugar had been reduced by 60 percent; and after the tax on tea—that which had its heaviest incidence on the poor—had been completely abolished.

"You will please to observe," said the President, "that the lightening of the burden of taxation has been equitably distributed."

Fifty-five million dollars a year was collected as interest on Irish capital invested abroad. Their bank deposits on December 31, 1926, had been $793,000,000, which figure represented an increase of 166 percent on that for 1913. And in addition to that, postal savings bank deposits had gone up from $7,983,000 in 1923 to $13,217,000 in 1926, or by about 66 percent in three years, and the sale of savings certificates had increased in course of the three years ending on March 31, 1927, from $4,633,000 to $11,828,000, or by more than 155 percent. "You see, therefore, we're not a spendthrift population; we can and do save."

They had distributed 1,000,000 acres of land among the farmers and 1,000,000 acres more were in process of being distributed, the President next affirmed. And while they were doing this they were making certain that all of the products of their agriculture were of that quality which would enable them successfully to meet the standard of other countries, with which they were now entering into serious competition for the first time. Under the Dairy Produce Act and the Eggs Act they had so improved the standard of Irish goods as to have created new markets for them in which they were already getting better prices than had ever before been paid for Irish food. In 1925 they had passed the Live Stock Breeding Act in order to improve the breed of Irish cattle, and while the full effect of this measure was not yet to be felt, its final result within a few years more would be to increase the annual yield of Irish cows from an average of 400 to 700 gallons.

"Further," said the President, "we anticipate that our national income should increase by more than $40,000,000 per annum within a few years, when the full effect of this measure becomes felt."

His was not an easy job, the President admitted. It was not true that the Irish people were being subjected to more legislation than had been the case under English rule, but it was true enough that they were now enforcing the laws. Authority, long in the hands of an alien ascendency, had acquired an unpleasing significance and it would take time, perhaps, to take the sting out of it. The so-called "harassing legislation" was all of it essential to the common good. Education, for example, had been very loosely administered in the old days and now it was being tightened up, to the dissatisfaction of certain people. What they were fighting against, in this case, was the enforcement of compulsory education between the ages of six and fourteen years and against the study of Gaelic which, they complained, "led nowhere." On the other hand, the Dairy Produce Act, the Eggs Act and the Live Stock Breeding Act had all their several opponents who counted them "despotic." Again, the collection of vital statistics and statistics of every other nature was met here and there by shrill cries of outraged folk who were "ag'in' the government prying into affairs." And then there was the tax on parcels entering the country through the mails.

"Of course they say to this," the President continued, "that under English rule they didn't have to pay this tax. But it's absolutely necessary, nevertheless. You see, there are thousands of people who make purchases from mail-order houses outside the country, receiving their goods by parcel post. Now it costs us $250,000 a year to deliver goods by parcel post and on the small amount of such business which originates in Ireland we make about $100 a year. Mind you, those figures may not be correct, but do you see in a general way what I mean?"

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All this, though prosaic and sedate, was to me personal and interesting, nevertheless. For President Cosgrave presents a problem both to perplex and to delight the mind. As part of my daily round of duty I have followed his career pretty closely for eight years, but in all that time I have never been able to rid my mind of the first fanciful and almost fantastic impression I got of him when, as a young correspondent, I became suddenly aware of him in Dublin. He struck me then as a man with the innocence of a child, who had strayed incautiously into the rough, bullying world of Irish politics, was lonely there, as I thought, and perhaps a little wistful, perhaps a little sad, but who in some uncanny way emerged from dreadful scrimmages triumphant. It was delightful to watch him, I have no doubt because his triumph was every time so utterly unexpected, and inexplicable. I thought that even he was astonished at himself and so I accounted for that look of eternal surprise which is undeniably cast over his features.

Now this whole picture of the man has reinforced itself within my mind, and fanciful though it is, I think it essentially true. One is amused by one who in his utter simplicity outwits the cunning and baffles the arrogant, whose timorous face and big, wondering eyes are in such vivid contrast with all that the world looks for in the leader of a nation. Being amused, one may be tempted to dismiss him for a very lucky man. But therein danger lurks, for any statesman who can accomplish as much in so little time as President Cosgrave—any statesman, indeed, who can in similar circumstances give as creditable a statement of his accomplishments as I have reproduced above—has of right a claim to our careful consideration. And here I may add in his behalf that there were many other things of which he might have spoken had there been time—among them, of course, the River Shannon electrical power development project which will in brief order supply the means of lighting every Irish home by electricity. But yet, if in this serious vein I were asked to explain his peculiar power, I should have to fall back anyhow on the old fancy, comparing it to the power of innocence over the fatness and iniquities of life, and finding in him the triumph of the humble.

JAPANESE EXILES OF THE FAITH

By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

IF THE ten lost tribes of Israel in a body had suddenly risen out of the ground, and as a mighty host confronted the writer—a pioneer educator in Japan—on March 2, 1871, he could hardly have been more astonished at the sight before him. On that cold wintry day in the north in Echizen province, the snow was deep on the high mountain path. Should one stumble or slip off the narrow beaten track, he must perforce be pulled or dug out.

Yet here were fathers, mothers, girls and boys and infants at the breast. The men, roped by the wrists together, were driven like cattle. They numbered in all six or seven score. Like a coffle of slaves, they were bound for exile from their homes in the far south to prison in a mountain crater in Kaga in the cold north. Their rations were the usual prison fare of a daily ball of rice and water, with once a week dried fish.

What did it all mean? What, when Japan was seeking to win the approval and admiration of the Occident by her railways, telegraphs, abolition of feudalism and a desire to enter the charmed circle of the world's family of civilized nations? Who were these people thus exiled and sent into dishonor, and not a few—as the later record revealed—to homesickness and death in a strange neighborhood? Who?

They were Catholic Christians who had kept the faith of their fathers. Not one of them denied their Lord. During two and a half centuries, they had guarded their daughters in purity, their sons in rectitude, and all in the Gospel and in faith. They, every one of them, counted death a thing to be laughed at, compared to apostasy. Beside these humble believers, I felt ashamed to call myself a Christian.

They were not learned folk. They knew little of scientific theology. They did know of "Espirito Santo," and their hope for any and all life was in "Yasu Christo." No splendid cathedrals, shining altars, consecrated teachers in sacred robes—none of the visible emblems that in our house of worship touch the imagination and aid in devotion! Yet theirs was an inner service of sursum corda. No primitive believers in the catacombs were more sincere or more willing to suffer rather than to deny their Lord. In exile, in death, this was truth. Of them the poet could write, in life and in the final hour of it:

> The last low whispers of the dead
> Are burdened with His name!

Think of it, fellow Christian—call yourself by whatever name you please, rely on any visible earthly authority you desire. Here amid the wintry snows of Japan in bitter cold and wind, were followers of the true God and His Son our Saviour, choosing rather to suffer affliction than comfort; and all for conscience' sake. Deprived of all those outward helps to a holy life that we, whether learned or unlearned, have from our infancy, yet loyal and true to their Saviour! Call it by whatever name, theirs was true religion.

What did it all mean? I tried to find out. My interpreter, an educated Japanese, who had lived in various parts of the empire and knew the differences, Greek, Latin, Reformed, that so sadly divide Christen-

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dom, explained to me the situation. Then I tried with him to get near to the exiles and communicate with them.

How could I help admiring? I, who had been a soldier in the Civil War, could think of no braver fellow-men than these faithful ones, ready to follow the Captain of their salvation, even to exile, agonies and death. There are Gethsemanes and Calvaries in every age and land.

The prisoners knew my purpose and read my thoughts. With looks of grateful and hopeful expectation, the poor exiles fixed their eyes on me as I came very close to them. My sympathy was made evident, while my greetings were made plain to them by my interpreter.

But I was not allowed further communication. I was pushed rudely away by the guards and then prevented from coming nearer. Evidently these latter were vexed at any foreigner being a witness and discovering the reality, when Japan was seeking recognition before the world as a civilized state. It was a skeleton in the closet. They had come by sea as far as they could, so that the foreign ministry should not know.

Nor was this all I saw of the movings of the Holy Spirit in Japan. Being the first foreigner to live beyond the treaty ports and limits, in the interior of Japan, in the service of a feudal lord, what else did I see in the Japan of 1871?

At Yokohama, early in 1872, I was present at the formation of the first Protestant Church in Japan. Every moment we expected the sleuths of the government to enter and drag out the native Christians, a dozen in number! Yet even then, though we knew it not, the morning of a brighter day had dawned! The law against Christianity was to become a dead letter. All over the land had been for over two centuries hanging up under roofed stone platforms the fundamental laws of the empire. These were inscribed on notice boards. In the centre, most prominent of all, I read these words:

> The corrupt religion of Jesus Christ is henceforth and forever prohibited and the government offers gold to all who will inform on the accursed sect.

The rewards offered were:

> Two hundred gold pieces for a padre (priest).
> One hundred for a church officer.
> Fifty for an ordinary believer.

For over two centuries, the annual ceremony of ebumi, or "trampling on the cross" (engraved with a picture of Jesus set on the ground under a turnstile, through which thousands passed) had been publicly followed. Some of these copper plates, representing the Crucified in Pilate's hall, may be seen in the modern museums—relics of an age gone by. Native officials, inquisitors, visited every house to discover if possible a "Kiristan." I remember the deathly pallor and shrinking fear when in Fukui, in the interior, I asked my servant man Sahei if he knew who Jesus Christ was. Shrinking back, he answered in breathless fear and with frightened look. Nurses and parents from infancy had pictured the Son of God as a kidnapping demon.

Yet all this was in the days of paganism. Despite their art, literature, many winsome traits and noble monuments of civilization, the actuality of the horrors of feudalism in Japan, with the prevalence of secret diseases and of visible tokens of small-pox and leprosy, with beggars and the oppression of the lower classes by the two-sworded, non-tax-paying knights or samurai, together with the phallic shrines and emblems—the same as I saw actually distributed at temple festivals—hardly bear repetition.

One of the comicalities of the contemporary literary situation, from May, 1920 to 1928, is the protest and rebuke occasionally made, insisting that "Dr. Griffis must surely be mistaken," for the objector was born in Japan (since 1900, perhaps) "and never saw anything of the kind." Of course not! Occidental Christians from afar have been in the land only since 1900.

Moved by altruistic motives, the missionaries opened the mines of the native language and history. They revealed Japan to herself. They built the initial hospitals. They first trained the classes, now numbering over twenty thousand, of certificated nurses. They brought in science, education, healing and help in myriad forms.

Alas that followers of Jesus must still murder each other in war! Yet while no individual or single nation can achieve the long desired abolition of strife and secure permanent peace, yet gradually its horrors are mollified. It was not pagan but Christian Japan that, by 1904, in the war with Russia, had well-equipped hospitals, thousands of trained nurses, two swift ships named Saviour and Mercy with an astonishing record of hygienic and recuperative agencies. These were wrought largely by women, whose uplift in Japan, moral courage and constant hope for the abolition of concubinage and licensed prostitution are among the moral wonders of the age. Even the lepers have hope. The first missionary enterprise at Yokohama was a dispensary served by a Christian physician. Oh the awful sight, the grand healing achievements, I myself beheld!

For my recent visit of six months in Japan fifty-seven years after first sight in 1870 (I traveled leisurely from snowy Yezo—Hokkaido—to the southern tip of Kiushiu) kept me from saying that "the former," yes, even apostolic days in missionary triumphs, "were better than these." Whether Catholic or Reformed, it seems to me dishonor to God to imagine that He is any the less able or willing to bless now than of old. Is He limited in His power and grace by years? Time writes no wrinkle on His brow.

So I thought—I, who was born in Philadelphia when Christians were fighting each other even to mur-

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der, and men called "Protestants" were burning "Catholic" churches. My mother often told me how a bullet struck the window shutter of our home, when it might have reached the cradle in which I was lying. Today we understand each other better. Who can say that the former days were better than these? In me early experience bred a hatred of mere bigotry.

Invited in 1926 to visit Japan by the government and by prominent men once my pupils, I crossed the continent and the Pacific. At Nara, Father Villion, a French Catholic priest, met me. He hailed me as the friend of the Catholic Christians of 1871, embraced me and à la Français, kissed me on both cheeks. Indeed he seemed to be looking for a halo of some sort. He further told me that my name was long held in honor among the former captives—now all dead or scattered.

At Yamaguchi I went to see the splendid memorial to Xavier, reared recently by natives and aliens who wrought in admiration and unity.

From Yamaguchi I went to Urakami, whence the exiles of 1871 had been torn. How vast and sublime the change! Here, where homes had been broken up because of loyalty to Jesus and the Church of their ancestors, had arisen a magnificent ecclesiastical edifice to the glory of God, designed by the Christian fathers and built by the voluntary labor of the Catholic Christians. At proper hours it was crowded with believers, seeking comfort, inspiration, divine help and cheer. After hospitable reception awarded us at the priory from the pastor of the flock, we visited the gold-lettered monument that was a veritable book of the Acts of the Apostles and the revelation of the saints! Here, on the four-sided, urn-shaped memorial the figures and locations of the exiled were named the survivors and the deaths during the exile of the Christians from 1867 to 1874. It was during the revival of Shinto, the native cult, 1868 to 1872, that these persecuted ones suffered in the blast of ultra—or pseudo—patriotism, reinforced by sectarian and political bigotry.

Silently and quietly the leaven is working. Some may like best the Master's parable of the seed which becomes a great tree, impressing the eye and ear with dense foliage and the noise of singing birds. This alone is too often what the casual or shallow observer notices. He goes by statistics only. Yet not a whit less impressive—rather more so to the thoughtful—is the silent, steady work of the men and women who think of the transforming power of the leaven. God bless all who turn men to righteousness and the only Saviour!

After over sixty years of study—I saw my first Japanese in 1868—reinforced by observation, travel and scrutiny, allow me to utter my faith and to say to all who call themselves Christians, that God was never more willing to bless than now. The promises are none the less sure, the fields are as white to the harvest as in other days, whether apostolic or mediaeval. Let all the readers of the well-named Commonweal take it to heart and let all believe today more than ever before in the divine promises.

SAMUEL FERGUSON—IRISH POET

By PADRAIC COLUM

"IF HE has written a sonnet he is not an Irish poet," a young man who is a poet and Irish said to me the other day, and I found myself accepting his dictum. For the music that comes to an Irish poet when he is racial is a wavering music that is not to be confined to such formal structure as the sonnet. It is in Thomas Moore's

> At the mid-hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
> To the lone vale we loved when life shone warm in thine eye.

It is in Callinan's

> O many a day have I made good ale in the glen
> That came not from stream nor from malt like the brewing of men;
> My bed was the ground, my roof, the greenwood above,
> And all the wealth that I sought, one fair, kind glance from my love.

It is in the verse of the poet whose dictum I have quoted, F. R. Higgins:

> This time, with the falling of sap, they cut the white-thorn;
> And now, Muiris, my own sister, cuts down my life.

The poet who got most out of this music, although he made use of it only in a few instances, was Sir Samuel Ferguson.

Ferguson comes after Thomas Moore. At the end of the eighteenth century James Bunting gathered together in Belfast all who were left of the company of the Irish harpers. He wrote down and published the music of which they were the custodians. These melodies when published inspired Thomas Moore: some of them gave the mold that brings distinction to his verse-structure. A young Belfast man, Samuel Ferguson, was impressed by the melodies and began to study them closely. And he studied the Irish language so that he might read the texts of the folk-songs given in Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy.

It was well that he did not take Hardiman's translations as representative of the originals, for the English versions had all the conventionality of eighteenth-century minor poetry. Ferguson gained a first-hand knowledge of the poems, and his knowledge of and sympathy with Irish music gave him a fuller understanding of them. So equipped, and with that unaccountable thing, the power of poetic creation, he was

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able to make versions of Irish folk-songs that are among the masterpieces of translation.

There is nothing in Irish poetry better than his Cean Duv Deelish, Cashel of Munster and The Coolun. These poems keep all the flavor of Gaelic. Indeed I am of the opinion that Ferguson's Cean Duv Deelish is better than the original as given in Dr. Hyde's Love Songs of Connacht:

> Put your head, darling, darling, darling,
> Your darling black head my heart above;
> Oh, mouth of honey, with the thyme for fragrance,
> Who, with heart in breast, could deny you love?
>
> Oh, many and many a young girl for me is pining,
> Letting her locks of gold to the cold wind free,
> For me, the foremost of our gay young fellows;
> But I'd leave a hundred, pure love, for thee!
>
> Then put your head, darling, darling, darling,
> Your darling black head my heart above;
> Oh, mouth of honey, with the thyme for fragrance,
> Who, with heart in breast, could deny you love?

His Cashel of Munster has the strangeness and the wildness of some remote Irish air. The rhythm of the verse is racial:

> I'd wed you without herds, without money, or rich array,
> And I'd wed you on a dewy morning at day-dawn grey.

His Paisteen Finn and The Coolun have all the flavor of the Gaelic originals; his Fair Hills of Ireland is on the highest level of translation, and so is his Boatman's Hymn.

Ferguson, it is true, does not always bring over the flavor of Gaelic song. If one compares his Fair-Haired Girl with Thomas MacDonagh's translation of the same song published with the title The Stars Stand up in the Air, one sees how ordinary Ferguson can be on occasion, even when he has distinctive words set to distinctive music before him.

As an original poet, Ferguson is at his best in The Fairy Thorn. This ballad carries the thrill of the weird, and its verse-structure has in it more of the insight of an artist than has any other Irish poem of any length until we come, some years later, to Yeats's poetry:

> Thus clasped and prostrate all, with their heads to-
> gether bowed,
> Soft o'er their bosoms' beating—the only human sound—
> They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
> Like a river in the air, gliding round.
>
> No scream can any raise, no prayer can any say,
> But wild, wild, the terror of the speechless three—
> For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away,
> By whom they dare not look to see.

The Fairy Thorn is named as an Ulster ballad, but the scene could have been laid in any part of Ireland. Willy Gilliland is an Ulster ballad; it holds the Ulster scene and the romance that belonged to the Covenanters who came into Ulster.

The Vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley comes near to being one of the finest ballads in English. The story is a powerful one—just such a story as would burn itself into the mind of a chronicler of a clan. The ballad seems to tear the heart out of an epoch of passion and violence and one wonders how Sir Samuel Ferguson, the scholarly official, could have created so stark and stern a thing. The curious stanza in which it goes combines gravity of statement with swiftness of movement; the refrain varies without losing its hypnotic power; the language is not only actual speech—it is the actual speech of plain-dealing, downright men:

> Scorney Bwee, the Barrett's baliff, lewd and lame
> To lift the Lynott texes when he came,
> Rudely drew a young maid to him—
> Then the Lynotts rose and slew him
> And in Tubber-na-Scorney threw him—
> Small your blame,
> Sons of Wattin—
> Sing the Vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley!

But The Vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley has a defect—a defect which prevents its taking a place with the great ballads in English. The story that Ferguson has to relate is not simple enough to go into a ballad: the consummation of that story is a judgment given according to brehon law—a judgment that would take a long comment to make clear to a reader of our day. No one, I think, who has read The Vengeance of the Welshmen of Tirawley for the first time can quite make out what happened after Burke's heir has been slain by the Barretts—only something written alongside the ballad could ever make that clear—a prose comment.

Ferguson was the first poet to find his subjects in the Irish heroic tradition which, in his time, was being made known through the scholarship of O'Curry. His rendering of this material was often marred by the fact that he was too consciously a gentleman and a scholar: one feels at times in reading some of the poems he has made out of this ancient tradition that Ferguson, the academician, would have liked to have the figures of the Irish prime come to us in such a guise that Queen Victoria might recognize them as kindred spirits. But the poems that this can be said of are his failures, and there is much high achievement in Lays of the Western Gael and Lays of the Red Branch.

In the rather long poem, Conary, there is a scene that must remain in a reader's memory—it is when the king's champion, returning with Conary's little son, sees the fleet of the marauders at sea, and learns of the destruction of the king from the heroes who have been led away by the strange music-makers. The Tain-Quest is as stirring a poem as any that Macaulay or Walter Scott has made, and The Abdication of Fergus MacRoy, although it is removed from the hardness and the epic quality of the old story, is memorable

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for its flowing music—a music like that of a deep-flowing rivulet. Aideen's Grave has in it a pensive rendering of an aspect of the Irish landscape. These lays make the best introduction to the body of poetry that has come out of the Irish heroic cycles. It was of them W. B. Yeats was thinking when, a long time ago, he praised Ferguson's poetry. The later poet must have remembered how much he owed to Ferguson's pioneering when he said:

> Whatever the future may bring forth in the way of a truly great and national literature . . . will find its morning in these volumes of one who was made by the purifying flame of national sentiment the one man of his time who wrote heroic poetry.

He wrote his poems without any companionship, without being in any "movement." At one time, when he was sending a subscription to a chair of Celtic which was to be founded in Edinburgh, he wrote to Professor Blackie:

> All things Celtic are regarded by our educated classes as of questionable tone, and an idea exists that it is inexpedient to foster Irish sentiment. There is a very prevalent feeling of mingled arrogance and apprehension which causes the commonest sort of editors and reviewers to revolt from the subject with a kind of loathing. This arrogance has been bred by an assiduous inculcation of the idea that there is a distinct population in these islands who are ethnologically superior to the bulk of the old native races. Our upper classes in this part of the kingdom, if they would not see themselves entirely excluded from local power and consideration, must place themselves to some—I wish I could say to some further—extent in sympathy with the bulk of the people, and it is easier and more probable that this contact should take place in the direction of literary and intellectual harmony.

It was the man who had mourned the death of the young Ireland leader, Thomas Davis, who wrote this, and at the time he wrote it he must have felt himself almost alone in having such ideas. Neither the Irish university nor the Irish governing class had any notion of creating a literary and intellectual harmony in which they and the bulk of the people would be included. In some of his verse there is a suggestion of a deeper harmony than that which he consciously tried to create:

> The humming of the noontide bees,
> The lark's loud carol all day long,
> And, borne on evening's salted breeze,
> The clanking sea-bird's song . . .
>
> And oft, at tranquil eve's decline,
> When full tides lip the Old Green Plain,
> The lowing of Moynalty's kine
> Shall round her breathe again.

These are verses from Aideen's Grave. And if we read it knowing the scene of the poem, the height above Dublin and the plain that stretches north from it takes on associations in which the life it has today stretches back into the life it had centuries and centuries ago.

COMMUNICATIONS

IS CULTURE POSSIBLE IN COLLEGE?

Durham, N. H.

TO the Editor:—After several years of study and teaching in three of our more prominent eastern universities, I have reached the conclusion that there are three outstanding perspectives to the educational dilemma, namely, the cultural, the democratic and the commercial. The spirit of education has transcended or rather descended from the cultural to the commercial. At present it seems that the authorities, who are so industriously occupied in making peace out of chaos, are striving not to save the first but to adapt the second to the third. In short, their object, as I see it, is beyond the preservation of the cultural development of those who are potentially receptive; it is definitely to give as many as possible the opportunity to prepare for their jobs (in the commercial sense).

While I regret that the cultural education—even where it is supposed still to retain a place of prominence—has been relegated to the background in our colleges, it is not my contention that it should be maintained despite the overwhelming handicaps. Personally, I consider the recovery of the cultural spirit as rather hopeless. Can we or do we want to destroy the democratic spirit of our institutions? And yet there will be no effective compromise, the mass first, and then the select few. Can we deny or ignore, in the light of our democratic viewpoint, the stench of commercialism in our colleges? Evidently not, if we are willing to open the doors to the mass who will never know what culture is, not even in its vaguest sense, simply because they are the mass. They are not to be condemned or pitied for it any more than are cobblers or most business men. They are the mass, excluding those who never come in contact with the stimulus to higher education and those who are too poor, and the mass will get what they want once they attain to any power.

This being essentially a commercial age (the same spirit running through most everything) that mass, educationally speaking, want practical training for life. They have no illusions about culture; the one way to live and be happy is to work hard and make money at anything. This attitude, good or bad, is consistent with the age; to mitigate it we would have to overhaul a good part of the world. If the democratic spirit were not so prevalent the problem would not be impossible. The colleges in that case could set cultural requirements and standards, and the students would either conform, generally, or leave. But as it is and will be for at least a few more decades, the colleges are trying to supply the demand. Studies are estimated by the possibilities of practical application and this attitude is carried into subjects in which the possibilities seem to be slight. The difference between this material aggressiveness and the cultural disinterest is rather pathetic. The majority are willing to submit to the requirements of history, philosophy, mathematics and literature for the sake of the diploma, which in itself is a worth while commodity today (as the high school diploma once was). The colleges, in a large measure, have assumed the attitude of advanced high schools. The process will continue—it must, since we cannot revolutionize the world spirit. The faster it moves the better, perhaps, because we will eventually reach the stage where there will be little or no room in our present system for the thoroughgoing student of culture, and it will be necessary at that stage to institute a new "higher education"—for which there will always be a demand by the few. (I hope so, anyway.)

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All the talk at present about cutting down enrollment is not inconsistent with the commercial attitude of the student bodies. The practical courses, such as accounting, insurance, banking, salesmanship and typewriting continue to increase while the authorities are busy trying to solve the over-crowded conditions—a question of accommodations and resources. As I said, so long as the democratic ideal of accepting as many as possible into the educational system prevails, nobody can change the existing morale. It seems that those who once hoped to see the college curriculum retain the cultural spirit, quintessentially, are now resigned to their minor rôles in the democratic machine, which is cranking out peculiar specimens who think they know a good deal more than they do because of the diploma, when in fact they have been spending four years evading the cultural serpent and pursuing as many practical courses as possible. Even the departments of education, which are growing despite the fact that they seem to be the laughing-stock of the colleges, are making a pathetic business of teaching. (I agree heartily with those who say that our worthy educationalists are usually those who couldn't teach anything else and so try to teach others how to teach. Banalities in theory.) The sad part of it is that the students get little of either culture or commerce. Four years are spent in learning what is taught in good business schools in one or two. There is the weakness in the present system which the authorities should strive to remedy. The cultural renaissance will come later.

I shall take my leave of the profession because I realize that the mass cannot be cultured—otherwise they would not be the mass. I am more fortunate at such a critical stage than some of my colleagues, who are bound by personality or family responsibilities, in being young enough and vain enough to believe that I can earn a living elsewhere without the illusions or paradoxes of higher education.

FRANK A. RUSSO,
Department of Modern Languages,
University of New Hampshire.

IN DEFENSE OF LIBRARIES AND BOOKSHOPS

Toledo, Ohio.

TO the Editor:—We are constantly listening to complaints by our own people against the discrimination practised on Catholics by the public library and the book-seller. Feeling that much of this blame should be shifted to the shoulders of the plaintiff, I should like to give the views of those more tolerant toward our democratic institutions. Catholic press month seems a fitting time to exonerate the less guilty party.

We presume that books, like newspapers, are intended to supply a demand; and that the greater the demand, the greater the supply. We once tried this economic law on a local book-dealer who, happy to say, rated 100 percent on the test. Catholics have themselves to blame for the scarcity of Catholic books in bookshops. If a thing is worth having, it is assuredly worth asking for.

Apropos the subject of Catholic literature in general. Where would one naturally expect to find a creditable list of Catholic books, if not in public libraries which are supported by Catholic taxpayers for their own particular use and convenience? And yet, the cry goes up—"Catholics do not get the square deal in supporting public libraries!" Is their contention giving the square deal to public libraries? We think not, because we know not. For over a quarter of a century the writer has been a patron of the public library, and in all that time it cannot be recalled that the girl at the desk failed to register a call for a Catholic book. True, the writer contributed her share by going fifty-fifty with the library. By directing others to ask for the book in question, it was only a matter of waiting a few days before that book was placed on the shelves. The public have a right to expect their money to fulfil its widest purposes. If Catholics, who are always a minority of the reading public (being in a ratio of 1 to 5) would use just a little business instinct in the matter of book-borrowing, they would have no cause to complain of the unfairness of library administration. If Catholics are not receiving due service, it is because they are not asking for it.

We might suggest that right here is a concrete case which shows the need of having Catholic apologists rather than apologetic Catholics on the board of directors of public libraries. It may be an exaggeration to say that we have no genuine Catholics in the library profession, but we know it to be too true that not a few so-called Catholic librarians are suffering from moral anemia; or, in lieu of adequate knowledge of Catholic literature, offer transparent excuse for their lack of information. In this connection, one cannot help calling to mind Saint Jerome's words, "An excuse uncalled for becomes an obvious accusation." Cases would not be hard to find where honest-minded librarians could provide discouraging statistics concerning the number of deservedly attractive books by Catholic writers which have had a very poor circulation by Catholic readers.

What we need is a goodly number of educated Catholic young men and women in the library profession. We sit by and pet our peeves. We forget that in this day of fierce competition, education and religion are on trial. We think outsiders should come to us. We are wrong. As in business, so in the professions, if we really want a thing we have to go out and not return until we get it.

SISTER M. AGATHA, URSULINE.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MISSIONER

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Harking back to my article, The Truth About the Missioner, in The Commonweal for September 14, in which an unintended implication is brought into question by what M. J. M. Planchet says in his preface to Les Missions de Chine et du Japon (1927) I should like to reply that it was not my intention to indicate that Catholic missioners had suffered no hardship from anti-foreign sentiment, or that the missions had entirely escaped the ravages of civil war since the establishment of the republic.

That would be far too much to imply.

Chinese bandit soldiers on a rampage seldom differentiate between the nationals of foreign countries, nor do they pick a special brand of Christian for massacre, nor the church property of special religious denominations for destruction in their pillaging expeditions throughout the country. They are usually quite impartial in their bad treatment of Occidentals, and in their more strenuous campaigns are often quite as merciless to their own countrymen. Catholics have often suffered equally with Protestants at the hands of these outlaw soldiers.

In my article I mention that following the attack on Nankin, there were two Catholic priests among the hundreds of refugees who fled to Shanghai, that one French padre was killed, and that all church holdings of every description were seized by the attacking troops. Doubtless there are other instances where missioners were victims of violence and mission property destroyed by undisciplined soldiers when there was no such disparity in numbers and property value as at Nankin.

I had no idea of minimizing the trials of the Catholics, nor

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was a comparison of the persecutions suffered by both Protestant and Catholic clergy in China during the last year my main thought.

What I did wish to emphasize in my story was:

First, that in spite of little or no publicity it was a matter of record that a tremendous amount of religious and educational work had been done by the missioners in China.

Secondly, that in the exodus of Protestant missionaries from China last spring which blocked tourist travel for months, no priest or nun leaving his or her field of ecclesiastical or charitable labor was ever encountered by the writer.

Thirdly, that "young China" frequently voiced admiration and respect for the Catholic missioners (especially the French) because of their sympathetic understanding of Chinese ideals, tradition, ancient culture and religion.

Fourthly, that the Catholic missioners had never been "bawled out" officially, as the Protestant missionaries had been for political meddling and for failing to confine themselves to the business of religious instruction.

Fifthly, that the Chinese themselves in all interviews differentiate between missioners and missionaries and comment on their work as separate and distinct activities not to be discussed on the same basis of a religious problem.

My contention was that the status of the missioner is more stable at present than that of the missionary because of these facts. Their relative suffering caused by marauding soldiers I had no intention of estimating.

That the missioners have been persecuted and that the mission property has been destroyed to the extent mentioned in Les Missions de Chine et du Japon is extremely probable. But when it comes to a question of the relative stability of the Catholic and Protestant missions in China, loss of life and property during the past twelve years of civil strife would be less of a determining factor than the facts I have enumerated.

MARIE L. DARRACH.

CITY PEOPLE ON FARMS

Cherry Valley, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—In your article, of February 8, Standing by the Institute, and in Father O'Hara's book, The Church and the Country Community, a warning has been given that should be heeded by the pastors of this country. In The Life of John England, by Dr. Guilday, we find the great prelate advising the Irish laborers of that day not to come to the South because of the economic and religious disadvantages for Catholics. For the last two years I have dissuaded every city family that applied to me from settling on the farms of central New York. Why?

For six years I had under observation twenty city families who settled on farms within the average radius of fifteen miles of this historic village. They were of Irish, Slovak, Polish, German, Lithuanian and French-Canadian extraction. These families lived on farms for an average of seven years.

On the economic side, three families became bankrupt, one left discouraged, two live in surroundings to which the worst city slums are as day to night, nine eke out a bare living and but five have more than the necessaries for existence.

As to religion, three remained consistent Catholics during their whole farm life, two made efforts to fulfill their religious duties, more or less, four went to church three or four times a year, three visit a church when their infants are baptized and eight became practical pagans in a short time without a thought of church or sacraments.

While I am convinced that the root causes of this religious defection are economic and environmental, nationalism is a strong contributing cause. For this reason pastors of foreign-speaking congregations should take heed and warn their flocks of the dangers that beset city people who settle on farms at any distance from their churches.

REV. FRANCIS J. GOSTOMSKI.

LET THE POLICE DEPARTMENTS DECIDE

Somerville, Mass.

TO the Editor:—It is extremely interesting to note the various suggestions advanced by city officials, engineering experts, civic bodies and other equally efficient individuals and associations, as a solution for the traffic problem in our commercial and industrial centres.

It would appear that the suggestions offered and applying to one city or town would not, of course, correct the conditions in another, unless similarly operating. But for the most efficient and equitable manner of solving this great problem, I believe that the police department could arrange a plan of a practical rather than theoretical value, with each city or town deciding for itself, through the representative police officials as to the best means of planning, consistent with business interests and community safety.

This would eliminate the controversy between city officials and business interests that would perhaps involve personalities and fundamentally be based on selfish motives. In addition, from a practical point of view there are no men in our public life better qualified to decide the question of regulation in the use of automobiles in congested districts than our police departments, on which the safety of every community depends to a great extent and the personnel of which represents our highest type of citizenship.

WM. H. BASTION.

RELIGIOUS JAZZ

Buffalo, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Billy Sunday comes to town. Young people by the score flock to hear him. What is the attraction?

Mr. Sunday, Aimee Semple McPherson and the other evangelists always draw great crowds. The press is filled with what they have to say. It is a gala day when the evangelist announces that he will speak to a certain city.

Young folk, we thought, liked jazz, and jazz only. But the evangelist is a student of human psychology. Having studied human nature, he sets about to attract the homo sapiens. And he succeeds. Why is this?

Evangelism is a form of jazz: it is religious jazz!

Youth wants to be stirred. It patronizes bunk. It likes to be emotionally aroused. And there is the secret of the evangelist. He plays upon these qualities of nature. Abraham Lincoln enjoyed hearing such preachers, attending their services in his day when opportunity afforded.

So there is no mystery about the evangelist. His religion is religious jazz, and so he attracts the young people and fills his coffers with their willing contributions. But for me, no religion is true religion when it is based upon jazz and not faith!

MONTGOMERY MULFORD.

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THE PLAY

These Modern Women

SOME plays are born with titles, some inevitably achieve titles, and still others have titles thrust upon them. These Modern Women belongs to the last-mentioned category, for the women whom Lawrence Langner presents do not even suggest modernity. It would be literally true to say there is nothing modern in their make-up, for it was long the special and particular privilege of the class they typify in speech and in action to adorn itself in a manner which has now become more general. When Moll Flanders invited another female member of her household to share the bed, as well as the board, of her protector, she did not think she was a modern woman; instead she called herself by a name that had simple scriptural strength as descriptive of a very ancient sisterhood of shame. Working backward from Defoe's day, we suddenly discover that members of this sisterhood, in doing the things which brought remorse to a hardened Moll Flanders, are the real moderns of the twentieth century.

These modern women, the Annabelle and the Roberta of Mr. Langner's play, may scarcely be classed as up-to-the-minute because they talk. But great Demosthenes, how they talk! The quality of the conversation may be spotty, but in volume the speeches are almost stunning.

There may be excuse for the presentation of such a play, although we confess to difficulty in discovering it, but why Chrystal Herne as star of the offering? Chrystal Herne is an actress. (At the Eltinge Theatre.)

Whispering Friends

SOMEWHAT slim of plot, Whispering Friends relies more on the rapidity of the George M. Cohan method of presentation than on any great intrinsic merit—on this rapid-fire exchange of "cracks" more or less original, and a butler. There have been stage butlers on the New York stage since there has been a stage in New York, but few have been so altogether Friends, portrayed by Walter Edwin. The rich unctuousness Friends, portrayed by Walter Edwin. The rich unctuousness of the part is discharged with a delicious appreciation of its possibilities which is entirely satisfying.

For the rest, William Harrigan and Anne Shoemaker, as Joe and Emily Sanford, a newly married couple whose whispering friends, Al Wheeler (Chester Morris) and Doris Crawford (Elsie Lawson) attempt to play the dangerous joke of pretending a fierce flirtation between the unmarried man and the married woman and the married man and the unmarried woman, are hard working and perhaps more forceful than convincing. Nevertheless, while the humor is sometimes crude and the acting too obviously of the Yankee Doodle Boy type, it must be said that the complications which are compelled not by thought-out plot nor by the common sense of the situations, but by sheer speed and impetuosity, get the laughs. The applause is frequent and the curtain calls are many. Little time is given to weigh the cause of laughter, or the reasons for the curtain calls; both come because there is a large group of theatre-goers who like the Cohan class of play, and expecting little but a thin plot, with lots of Broadway slang and constant movement, are quite satisfied with one offering in slightly varied forms. Such playgoers will not be disappointed in Whispering Friends. For the sake of those who are not well acquainted with the Cohan method, it may be well to warn against any misconception of the title: there is about everything in this piece except whispering. Nobody stays still long enough in a Cohan play to do any whispering. (At the Hudson Theatre.)

The Clutching Claw

THERE is nothing very original in this latest mystery drama. In fact, in some respects it is not only reminiscent but definitely familiar. The study of the dilapidated manor house "outside of New York" as the scene of the murder which has to be solved, the cigar-smoking police captain who believes in "persuasion" and in making an arrest first and a case afterwards, the old family servant who speaks with broken voice of "the master"—all these must be suffered by those (and their name is legion) who are determined to see every mystery play that New York has to offer. Nevertheless, while The Clutching Claw is not startlingly fresh in plot or in characters introduced, while it is at times no more logical than half a dozen successors of The Bat, the average playgoer who is satisfied with the average play of this kind is not likely to leave the theatre until the final curtain shall leave him fumbling for his hat and coat in the dark.

For his general sense of satisfaction, he will undoubtedly give thanks to Ralph Morgan, who, as the youthful criminologist who confounds every theory of Captain Connelly of the regular police—played with more directness than distinction by Robert Middlemass—infuses his part with spontaneity, shades it well and makes almost natural some moments which verge perilously close to the ridiculous. Minnie Dupree displays some old-fashioned acting of consistent competence in the rôle of the old-fashioned family servant. And Duncan Penwarden is sufficiently convincing in the part of the arch-criminal to lift the piece perceptibly. (At the Forrest Theatre.)

E. F. B.

Sherlock Holmes

THE Chamberlain Brown repertory company's revival of the famous detective melodrama which William Gillette modeled on one of the Sherlock Holmes stories gave one the opportunity to observe that it stands up surprisingly well after thirty years. There is something a little archaic in the spaciousness of its five-act structure, no two acts of which require the same scene—a looseness and leisure and general suggestion of elbow-room in the plot, which is not quite in accord with our present strict requirements as to tempo and simultaneous detonation. But there are compensating advantages in the illusion of character-interest which this less stringent pace makes possible—advantages fully realized by Mr. Robert Warwick as the suavely, casually omnipotent Holmes and Mr. Frank Keenan as the grisly Professor Moriarty.

The scene for which anyone who knows anything at all about this play more or less consciously waits—the climax of Holmes's escape from the gas chamber—was spoiled by the ineptness of the mechanical direction, unfortunately, and after this contretemps, the final act seemed to sag dispiritedly. A word of separate praise must go to Mr. Raymond Guion, who infused into the slight and almost lineless part of Billy the bell-boy such joyous and ingratiating reality as to make the evening a minor histrionic triumph for himself. The rest of the cast played acceptably. (At the Cosmopolitan Theatre.)

M. K.

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POEMS

Winter Wealth

Aladdin rubbed his wishing-ring
(The queerest little shabby thing—
Alas!
I might have taken it for tin,
Or brass—
But never mind) the door flew in

And there they were, the magic trees!
(I would have called them barberries,
Rose-hips,
Waxberries, bittersweet and haws
Because
They looked like that, but so one trips!)

He was a foolish fellow once:
Topazes, pearls he passed them by,
His eye
Insensible as any dunce'.
(Who'd think
Such wealth would blossom in a wink?)

But now, you see, Aladdin's guessed:
No more he sells his glowing hips
For glass—
Rubies of Ind, the very best
("Balas")—
Why, there's a bush that fairly drips!

DOROTHY LEONARD.

Plea for the Moon

You couldn't have given the things I wanted,
Gay, mad beauties on feet that run,
Your step by mine on the autumn-haunted,
Verdant highways that meet the sun,
Or a friendship, dearer than either one.

You might have given me love and laughter,
And a tidy cottage under the hill,
With a door to shut on dreams, hereafter,
And a fire to stir when the world-winds chill,
And a place to weep when love is still.

But ah, there's an end, I think, to singing,
And romance a dust in a silver sieve—
While the ghosts of your kisses are ever winging
The way of the love that you thought would live.
But oh, for the things that you could not give!

FRANCES BOAL MEHLEK.

The Lady

Bury my looking-glass with me,
Said the lady,
It must never see
Another face than mine—
Other hands that are white as flowers,
New-blown lips that are rich as wine,
Or a long white throat threaded with blue,
Else it might forget, I was lovely too.

JOHN BRYAN.

In Other People's Houses

I found a house and closed its door
Upon the things I'd seen before
In other people's houses.
My house had three of the tiniest rooms,
A kitchen and a breakfast nook
Like one I'd seen in an old book;
The bedroom had the quaintest bed,
On it was a linen counterpane
And a tasseled bolster at the head;
The woodwork was a dark oak stain;
Lined on the wall was German plate,
And firearms high above the grate;
A ship sailed down the mantel place—
Sails opened wide for a clipper race.

Today I went to find the things
That lived so long in imaginings.
I went to see if they were there,
The pretty things I see everywhere
In other people's houses.
But the place was dark with no one there—
Grey dust and a mouse behind a chair,
White dust and cobwebs spread across
The place where people should have walked,
Silence where people should have talked.
I thought I'd witnessed a heart's great loss,
But a little house can only hold
A heart to warm it and keep out cold.
Against the doorpost one must lean
And talk things real, as I had seen
In other people's houses.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

An Old Missal

Amid its color and its gold
Bide many precious things,
Unseen by those whose grave lips told
Its ancient scrivenings.

Stern Fra Antonio hid his grief
Within this tawny grain,
While in this curly maple leaf
Lies Fra Filippo's pain.

Here Fra Anselmo hid the songs
No penance robbed him of;
And to this golden flower belongs
Fra Lucas' silent love!

CHARLOTTE BECKER.

Snow Smoke

The late snow bluely smokes all day
And covers the sun and thawing sky:
This is the ground-snow's only way
To measure its passing heaven by.

WALTER EVANS KIDD.

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BOOKS

Exquisite Imperfection

The Bridge of San Luis Rey, by Thornton Wilder. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

IT WAS a genuine inspiration which prompted Mr. Wilder to locate his strange and beautiful story in the Lima of two centuries ago. The ever-increasing volume of fiction and the ever-increasing facilities for travel have made us familiar to satiety with places which our grandfathers thought mysterious and remote. But Peru is still an unknown quantity. The novelist who harks back through the mists of her unrecorded social history has a free field and few competitors.

It is not an idyllic setting which is presented to our view. Lima is pictured as enjoying a sort of degraded renaissance. She has good plays and good music; but the viceroy is an epileptic libertine; the archbishop an idle glutton; the priests are "mostly scoundrels" who debauch their sacred calling; the nuns are indifferent and incapable; the women generally loose-lived and devoid of self-respect. Over all there broods the shadow of the Inquisition, sinister but casual and inept. The good little Franciscan, Brother Juniper, writes a book to vindicate the working of God's will; and is burned, with his book, in the Square of Lima, dying with singular contentment. One doubts if quite so many people were ever quite so bad at one time in one place; but, as I said, few of us are intimately acquainted with Peru.

Against this background Mr. Wilder has etched with exquisite art a little group of men and women whose fates are linked together. The Marquesa de Montemayor, profoundly unhappy because of her excessive and undisciplined love for an only daughter. The Abbess, Madre María del Pilar, a noble feminist born out of place and out of date, with the practical piety of Saint Theresa and the concentrated zeal of Florence Nightingale. The Perichole, gifted actress and wayward, worthless woman. Estéban, young, strong and dimly intelligent, but lonely, warped and desolate. And finally Uncle Pio, charming and disreputable, with a vicious past, a ruined present, a hopeless future. "His conversation is enchanting," writes the Marquesa. "What divine Spanish he speaks, and what exquisite things he says in it. Alas, however, he is so moth-eaten by disease and bad company that I shall have to leave him to his underworld. He is like a pack of soiled cards. I doubt whether the whole Pacific could wash him sweet and fragrant again."

The key-note to which these people attune existence is their fashion of loving. None of them lack richness of temperament; but all of them, save the Abbess, lack self-control. The Marquesa's affection for her daughter is ignoble in its irritating intensity; and the girl protects herself from it by superhuman coldness. She is striving, as every intelligent human being must strive, for the possession of her own soul. The twin brothers, Manuel and Estéban, live unconsciously in the silent, absorbing love they have for each other. They never let free currents of thought or feeling blow through their lives; and when one dies, the other has nothing, not even complete manhood, to fall back upon. As for Uncle Pio, he regards love "as a sort of cruel malady through which the elect are required to pass in their late youth, and from which they emerge, pale and wrung, but ready for the business of living." He firmly believes that when the Perichole has endured and survived this ordeal, she will become a supremely great actress. "There were certain passages in the plays that she would compass some day, simply, easily and with secret joy, because they alluded to the new rich wisdom of her heart." In this hope he is doomed to disappointment. He is not sufficiently aware that years of careless libertinage seldom prepare the soul for any great emotion.

Nothing could exceed the beauty with which this tale of lives set far apart, but converging to one common fate, is told. There is a charming page on which the cultured exiles from Spain try hard and vainly to ease their incurable nostalgia by mutual understanding and the amenities of speech: "Each one poured into the conversation his store of wise, sad anecdotes, and his dry regret about the race of men." There is another page on which the Abbess accepts the futility of her heroic planning: "It seemed to be sufficient for heaven that for a while in Peru a disinterested love had flowered and faded." And there is a third on which is traced with a light, sure pen the homely joys that come with the setting sun: "It was the hour when the father returns home from the fields, and plays for a moment with the dog that jumps upon him, holding his muzzle closed, or throwing him upon his back. The young girls look about for the first star, to fix a wish upon it, and the boys grow restless for supper. Even the busiest mother stands for a moment idle-handed, smiling at her dear and exasperating family."

It is Sappho in prose.

Death offers a quick solution of many problems, and it is the novelist's privilege to call at will upon this mighty arbiter. But readers of a little masterpiece like The Bridge of San Luis Rey keep on pondering over the problems after the bridge has fallen. Neither the blotting out of five lives, nor the last lovely words of the Abbess, can set our minds at rest. What happens to men and women who cannot, by the grace of God, live in stable harmony with nature?

AGNES REPPLIER.

For the Bible Student

An Introduction to the Study of the New Testament, by A. H. McNeile. New York: Oxford University Press. $6.50.

THIS work is written to give the salient points of New Testament introduction to the reader who is not an expert or a professed student and who "wants to know in outline how the New Testament as a whole, and each book in it, reached its present form, when and where each acquired canonical authority, the chief problems which the study of them raises, historical, literary and textual, and broadly what each is about and what it contains."

There is much to praise in Professor McNeile's volume, particularly on the score of comprehensiveness, balanced judgments, and freedom from many of the radical assumptions of ultra-liberal criticism. All the problems of New Testament introduction are touched upon and few of the serious attempts to solve them are unnoticed. A catalogue of the manuscript material for textual criticism, a history of that science, an account of the growth of the canon, a discussion of the contents, authorship, date, language and historical value of the various books, with a treatment of the question of inspiration, make up a remarkably full introduction to the New Testament. Well-balanced criticism appears frequently in the comments on the theories described, notably in the author's discussion of arguments based on style and language. The evidential force of such things as hapaxlegomena, varying styles and vocabulary in writings attributed to one writer, once used words, is not distorted. The chapter on Ephesians is a case

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in point. Again the book is to be commended for freedom from radical doctrinal assumptions. Miracles are not rejected because they are miraculous. A sane warning is given against exaggerated theories on the presence of later Christological and ecclesiastical conceptions in the Gospel accounts of Our Lord. The textual difficulties in the Virgin Birth narrative are not found to make the central fact less credible. The Resurrection narratives, despite obscurities, are said to leave us as certain as we can be of anything in history that they arise from appearances of Christ which produced sense impressions which were real experiences of certain persons.

For all its merits, however, the book cannot be commended without reservation; not even in these very features singled out for praise. It must be judged strictly in the light of its avowed purpose as a work for the general reader untrained to control and unable to critize information offered in this highly technical field. The book would be more comprehensive if contemporary Catholic scholarship were given due place, and certain theories not ignored or given too facile a dismissal. Often Professor McNeile's leanings are to conclusions which are more debatable and to arguments which are less cogent than the reader would be led to suppose. A few instances will illustrate the type of defect to which we refer. There was no Semitic Gospel of Matthew and the tradition of its existence is due to misunderstanding Papias. Now there is no conclusive proof of this. What external evidence we have favors, without proving, the contrary. Nor is the internal evidence —the absence of "translation Greek"—decisive. In the discussion of the synoptic problem the insufficiency of the old two-document theory is set forth and the popular four-document theory is found more satisfactory. Here McNeile leans heavily on Canon Streeter (without however adopting those Sabatini-like reconstructions with which Streeter has enlivened current criticism, the pogrom that mutilated Saint Mark's Gospel, or the faulty, hasty notes Saint Luke took when he heard Josephus lecturing in Rome). But again possibility or probability is too readily taken for fact. The theory includes the assumption of the non-existence of a Semitic Matthew, of the priority of Mark to any Matthew, and of the existence of the source called Q. Now the first two points are not proven and the arguments against the third are not suggested. Yet despite the general assumption of the existence of Q (since this book appeared, an English scholar has written a pleasant study on Q and Country Life) it is quite possible that there never was a Q at least of the sort this theory demands. Certainly no reference to its existence is found in antiquity, and perhaps this silence and the loss of so important a document is not insignificant. Confidence in its existence is not heightened by the difficulties of applying it in detail to the synoptic problem, nor by the numerous (at least sixteen, up to date) and different reconstructions of it achieved in recent times. And the fact that names of imposing authority are found among the critics of the views McNeile favors would make it reasonable to wish for more recognition of the view that objects to the two-document theory not because they may not have been two but because they may not have been documents.

To date the Gospel of Saint Matthew the author used arguments open to objection. The Gospel is late enough for the legends it incorporates to have developed. The legends turn out to be the account of the phenomena at the death of Christ and part of the Resurrection narrative. No evidence is given of the legendary nature of these accounts. The references to Church government in the bestowal of the primacy on Saint Peter and the command to bring an offending brother before the Church are thought to be reflections of developed ecclesiastical organization put into the mouth of Christ. The warning of Christ against false prophets is taken to be not a warning against the day they would appear but a reflection of later times when they had actually appeared. All this is too near Das Wesen des Christentums to go unchallenged.

The only exegesis given of "on this rock I will build My Church" makes the rock Christ's Messiahship and not Saint Peter. The Didache is dated tentatively A. D. 145-150 without any suggestion that this date is probably fifty years (Turner would say ninety) too late. In connection with I Peter, Pliny's description of Bithynian Christianity is referred to but the phrase "odium generis humani" is not Pliny's but Tacitus's and could have the meaning it seems to be given only if the genitive were subjective and not objective.

The book will impress, flatter and to some extent unintentionally misinform the general reader, not because Professor McNeile is guilty of an Olympian attitude or legerdemain but because this book is suitable chiefly for the two classes excluded by specific mention from its intended public—that is, experts and professed students.

JOSEPH M. EGAN.

Fresh Beauty

Boy in the Wind, by George Dillon. New York: The Viking Press. $1.50.

THE over-taxed enthusiasm with which one has been obliged so frequently to greet first volumes of poetry during the last ten or fifteen years must be drawn on again in reading Mr. George Dillon's first collection of verse. Boy in the Wind is full of the bright observation and fresh beauty which youth is generally expected to bring into current writing and of which it so frequently shows a lack of comprehension. Without venturing too far afield either in his concepts or in his technique, and without attempting too vigorously to declare for himself an individuality which has never in the whole world of writing been revealed before, the author has produced poetry filled with a loveliness and charm delightfully his own. Between the covers of a tastefully printed book he has brought together fifty poems characterized by a skilful balance of emotional spontaneity against austerity of phrase and statement.

It is in A Letter in Autumn, Birds Everywhere, Song in a Garden, and the title poem that the disciplined originality of Mr. Dillon best expresses itself. Here an easy progress of thought and a lucidity of expression show most directly the clear intention and purpose in his writing. That he is not without derivations it would be idle to urge, and yet it is one of the charms of the poetry of youth that it can indicate influences and guides without entirely offending the critical sensibilities. In lines like "Companioned by long loneliness I go to meet my true mistress" we have an obvious echo of late nineteenth-century mysticism; in "They were as old and desolate as my desire: Love's very ravings at the door of death" there is the typical accent of Dowson; in The Hard Lovers Miss Louise Bogan will find her note struck; and the rhyme devices are often those of Mrs. Wylie and Mr. Untermeyer.

But above these hints, there is a fine and clear-sighted view of life defined, a view which is not yet firmly grounded in collision and bitterness or the essential bravery of later life, but which has the advantage of youthful sanity and sober ecstasy. Snow is an episode in love presented with haunting candor and delicate realism. Toe Ballet shows a real skill in yielding to the charms of artifice. Pigeons and Twilight in a Tower

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sing with an authentic exaltation. A Man on a Bridge indicates with its simple vigor the promise of longer and more extended work in the future. The repeatedly quotable line shows a care in thought which gives one the sense of definite abilities, and out of the whole charming book, to which the title poem is probably an obvious index, there develops the gentle and yet fully-armed intellectual outlook with which Mr. Dillon is approaching his future in writing. For its young emotional fervor and its qualifying direction of mind, Boy in the Wind, among the books of poetry which have recently been published, claims a respectful attention.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

The Subtle Doctor

Duns Scotus, by C. R. S. Harris. New York: The Oxford University Press. Two volumes, $15.00.

IT IS not surprising that from our modern point of vantage Duns Scotus, the "subtle" doctor, should seem so particularly interesting a representative of scholastic philosophy. Sufficiently independent of the Thomistic synthesis of revelation and Aristotelian naturalism to discern the elements which had not been perfectly fused, Scotus was also conscious of that older, semi-mystical tradition to which his order professed a deep attachment. And today philosophy is characterized by nothing so much as a return to Aristotle on the one hand (Brentano, Driesch, Maritain) and a devotion to mysticism on the other (Baron von Hügel, Keyserling even.) Who knows but what Duns Scotus, in spite of the difficulties which bristle round the reconstruction and interpretation of his texts, may prove the compelling open sesame to the middle-ages? One must note, of course, that the divergencies between him and Thomas are far less great than has been supposed, and that both actually attempted to unify the same things.

The view thus expressed is not precisely that adopted by Mr. Harris, but convictions of a kindred nature seem to have guided him. Throughout two massive and excellently documented volumes he sets forth Duns Scotus with a detachment which is probably not assumed. A reader feels that this young American Oxford scholar maintains a feeling that philosophy is simply a vastly interesting, dialectic game. But his account of the manner in which Duns Scotus "played" and the goals he sought to reach is so fair, so ably documented and so discerning that one recommends his study most earnestly to all who take a more than surface interest in scholasticism. The available literature has been mastered to an extraordinary extent; the fluency of the writing is remarkable. Naturally one should hesitate to accept all the conclusions. Much is made, for instance, of the point that Saint Thomas held that creation in time, not demonstrable by reason, was therefore necessarily referred to the "jurisdiction of a supernatural revelation." Mr. Harris argues that such a "dualism" contained "implicity within itself the seeds of disruption," which finally flowered in the thought of Occam. He must pardon me for not being able to follow this reasoning. Either creation in time can be proved by reason or it cannot be. Saint Thomas held, very correctly it seems to me, that proof is impossible. Why, then, should he not look to revelation for enlightenment? It is not a case of conflict between reason and revelation, but simply of the inadequacy of reason.

However that may be, Mr. Harris has planned his work competently and on a grand scale. The first volume, dealing with the place of Duns Scotus in mediaeval thought, outlines the major characteristics of the scholastic system, describes the relations between philosophy and theology, between Saint Thomas and Duns Scotus, and between these and Aristotle. It also sifts painstakingly the evidence regarding the hero's life and writings, discusses the question of textual authenticity with admirable common sense, and affords glimpses of subsidiary thinkers like Richard of Middleton. The result is an excellent introduction to the whole field of mediaeval controversy. Volume II is a detailed, critical discussion of the philosophical doctrines of Duns Scotus. Foot-notes supply so much of the original text that Mr. Harris may fairly claim to have made available enough of the "subtle" doctor to gratify even a very exacting reader. Through the maze of exposition and commentary I shall not follow him. Portions of it are certainly very fine. The section on natural theology is particularly noteworthy.

All in all, due allowances having been made, one feels that here in English is a better book than anybody has as yet written about the angelic doctor. It has the unity which one misses so sorely in books like Wicksteed's Reactions Between Dogma and Philosophy, and still it is sufficiently discursive to provide the indispensable background. Will it have an effect upon the philosophical world? One does not know; but it may not unreasonably be supposed that Mr. Harris has made Scotism a matter of great importance to all students of scholastic doctrine, of whom there is a growing number both inside the Church and without. It need hardly be said that the Oxford University Press has done its part of the task excellently, despite the number of typographical errors which have been suffered to creep in here and there.

AMBROSE FARLEY.

A Plausible Frederick

The Days of the King, by Bruno Frank; translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

AMONG the many things that the lives of great men recall is the fact that the driving force of their careers has often remained a mystery. The personality of Frederick the Great held the conflicts of a man of action and a philosopher. Briefly, his energy and accomplishment are paradoxical as his personal behavior was idiosyncratic. He was devoted to his people, his country, he toiled long hours, and he conducted this procedure with the intolerance of a tyrant. He had no regard for cleanliness, he raged and ranted, was boorish of manners and personally enjoyed above all else the company of philosophers. Withal, he inspired—though he drove his people hard and taxed them heavily—both affection and loyalty.

It is of Frederick that Bruno Frank has written in his first book to be translated into English. Herr Frank, as is common with German writers, is also a scholar. His narrative is composed of three episodes in the later years of Frederick, when the time of the Seven Years' War is long behind him. They are written with daring, terseness and a fine luminosity of style. Their mood is that of reverie—a reverie that is provocative and suffused with understanding of the peculiarity of passions, desires and aspirations, in the turmoil of life.

By no means should this be considered a mere "costumed" historical romance. Here, Frederick is too living a character for the charge. Nor is Herr Frank treating the well-known historical high lights of the monarch's life. On many of its details historians, in spite of comprehensive study, still are in disagreement. Herr Frank is working from accepted anecdotes and subjecting them to his imagination.

It is a weary, worn old man with an indomitable spirit that

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the reader is introduced to in the opening pages of this book. Frederick had gone to Potsdam to receive the decision of the highest court of Germany in the now famous case of the miller Arnold. Here is recorded the spleen of Frederick when the court decided against the miller. Here we have him, for all his misanthropic ideas, taking the side of the people, imprisoning the judges, forcing them to pay the damages and driving his distinguished titled chancellor to resign. Here he is worrying as to whether he shall live long enough to bring about his legal reforms, that justice may prevail, that equity may be more than an ideal—that it may become an unfailing reality for all men.

In the following episodic chronicle, out of the memories of Frederick and his loyalty and loneliness in old age, is constructed an outline which is indirectly a summary of his life and times. In a deeply felt scene between his old general and friend, George Keith, who with his last waning strength of ninety years calls on Frederick at Sans Souci, the secret of his life is revealed. Talking in the dimming twilight Frederick explains that since manhood, he has been victimized by quacks, who reduced him to Abelard's condition. That this has driven him with mad desperation to inviting scandal, to keeping his court free of women, and to conquest, that the world might know he was a man. Keith makes no answer. Frederick crosses to him and discovers that the revelation of his secret still remains safe in his own keeping.

The final account is of Frederick at a review. In the course of it he personally drills a troop of cavalry in the rain for five hours. This scene is viewed through the eyes of Lafayette, who is visiting Frederick while making a grand tour. During the reviews, couriers arrive in a state of exhaustion with messages for Frederick. All Europe is worried at their arrival and speculates on his declaring war. The reports are of the illness of his favorite greyhound that ate and slept with him.

The Days of the King may be a product of nearly pure fancy. But it reveals an understandable, plausible Frederick, who hitherto has been a legendary figure, dismissed by historians in the last resort as a cracked genius. The development of character, the craftsmanship of the book, is a matter of nearly perfect performance. It is no whitewashing of a slandered historical character. With pity and acute observation it thoroughly and ingratiatingly reveals an odd and great man in all his artless, authentic simplicity.

EDWIN CLARK.

Living Negro Leaders

Portraits in Color, by Mary White Ovington. New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.

SKETCHY accounts are given here of the lives and work of twenty Negroes who have achieved national prominence for notable work. They include educators, business men and women, publishers and editors, a physician, a scientist or two, poets, musicians, artists and welfare workers. They include, too, but might well have omitted, one visionary who saw himself the head of a great nation, but whose method of financing his dream displeased the federal government to such an extent that it first placed him in a federal penitentiary and later (since this book was published) released him on the decks of an outward bound trans-Atlantic steamer. They include also an agitator whose brilliant but sarcastic pen and tongue have pictured the wrongs under which a grievously burdened race are laboring, but who has not yet advanced a plan for relief acceptable even to the majority of the thinkers of his own race.

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Next Week

Dr. Max Jordan, well-known correspondent for the Berlin press and student of Latin American affairs who attended all the meetings of the Havana Conference and understood what was being said, has written a challenging and authoritative article—

The New Pan-America

In The Commonweal for March 14th

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It is a book well worth reading by every intelligent white man and woman. Many have heard of the agitators, musicians and editors perhaps, but relatively few, except those with a special interest in the Negro race, have heard of such heroic workers as Lucy Laney, Maggie Walker, Eugene Jones, all given space in this book. Their efforts and sacrifices are carried on in a very quiet way but they are accomplishing much for their fellow-men.

It is particularly desirable that intelligent men and women in the North and East should read this book at this time, as the post-war migration of Negroes from the South has upset northern theories on the Negro question and made northern cities the scene of recent race riots. It will help them to understand something of the gigantic struggles of a people striving for the right to live their own lives in peace and harmony with those of other races.

Men and women of the Catholic faith should read this book, for among the twenty persons named none is Catholic. This is not due to "discrimination," but because few of the greater men and women of the Negro race are members of the Catholic Church. Promising boys and girls of that race have been aided and encouraged onward not by Catholics and Catholic money, but by others. The reading of the book by Catholic laymen may impress them with neglected duties toward the Negro race, and particularly to the 250,000 Negroes of the Catholic faith who have a right to expect their encouragement and aid. It may arouse them to assist the splendid work being attempted by the Colored Mission Board, by the Josephite Fathers, by the Oblate Sisters of Providence, by Mother Katherine Drexel and her Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, by the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, a layman's attempt to help the colored race, and by several others, all struggling against fearful odds because of the apathy of the Catholic layman.

A. C. MONAHAN.

The Expanding Consumer

The Economics of Installment Selling, by Edwin R. A. Seligman. New York: Harper and Brothers. Two volumes, $8.00.

IN THIS first systematic work on installment credit Professor Seligman has garnished his text with enough statistics to hold the attention of the economist without frightening the business man away. Specialists in marketing and banking must look to the wealth of material in the appendices of the second volume.

The many details left for inclusion in the summary statement of the problem in the first volume are skilfully strung on the story of the development of installment technique. The evolution of the 33 percent "down payment" on new automobiles is found closely related to the decline of cut-throat competition among the finance companies, better treatment of the dealer by them, greater consideration of the ability of the purchaser to meet his payments and the resultant reduction in the cost of installment credit.

Prominent among the many fallacies refuted is the persistent contention that the consumer is oversold. This idea seems to be based on the false conception of national income as perpetually fixed in amount, and on the allegation that all parties to overselling benefit, except, of course, the victimized consumer. Seligman shows that dealers and finance companies that went after business in this way have long since mired down in a wallow of repossessed cars.

GEORGE MCCABE.

Current Magazines

THE Menorah Journal for February proves to be the usual excellent expression of aggressive Judaism. There are many interesting features including Brandeis in Zionism, by Jacob de Haas, and Conversations with the Wandering Jew, translated from the German of Lion Feuchtwanger. The news letter by Zachariah Shuster on Kovno, on the Lithuanian front, expresses dissent with Premier Waldemaras's policy with the Jews in Kovno. A Christian visitor there, shortly after the armistice, found the city swarming with Polish and Russian refugee Jews, with a marked absence of Lithuanian ear-marks. Most of the shops on the main street were maintained by Jews, who could speak nothing but Hebrew; the town practically closed down all business on the Jewish Sabbath and holidays. On the Christian side, Kovno had been deserted by almost all the young Lithuanians for active service at the different frontiers. The government officials on having this situation mentioned to them, declared that their people would not coöperate with the Jews and, indeed, regarded them merely as a temporary population which they expected to diminish when peace conditions would enable them to emigrate.

THE Living Church for February 11 carries as its leading editorial some strictures on Mexico and the correspondence of Michael Williams and George Bernard Shaw. It expresses in a somewhat complacent tone its disapproval of the Mexican outrages, refers rather unethically, it would seem, to the canard regarding the papal chamberlain in New York, which was entirely discredited, and inquires why George Bernard Shaw was brought into the Mexican question at all. This can hardly avoid a slight upon the English journalist and playwright, usually considered, on both sides of the ocean, as a formative voice in modern criticism. It would seem that his characterization of the Pope as a personage whose words have always the highest journalistic value does not altogether meet with approval from our Anglican brethren of the Living Church.

THE winter number of the quarterly review Pax, issued by the Benedictines of Caldey, presents several papers of particular note. Dom Theodore Baily gives a learned discussion, under the title of Vera Effigies, of the different portraits of Christ, especially of the pictures "not made by hands" that exist in Italy, Spain and Russia. There are, moreover, interesting studies—on Early Non-conformity in Wales, by Donald Atwater; on Father Julien Maunoir, S. J., an apostle of American Cornwall, by Reverend F. H. Doble; and an enlightening account of Some Churches in County Dublin, very entertainingly written by Dom Basil Whelan.

A DISTINGUISHED feature of the February number of the magazine Poland is Professor Eric P. Kelly's story of A Year in a Polish University, giving his experiences in the University of Cracow, with general studies of the curriculum and student life of that inspiring old centre of Polish culture. There are also the usual fine display of pictures and portraits of Polish interest, a story translated from Ladislas Reymont, and the current history of recent events in the new republic.

The title page and index for Volume VI of The Commonweal are now ready. These will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume VI in leather or cloth. Information on binding will be given upon application to the offices of The Commonweal.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"To be or not to be," wearily answered Doctor Angelicus, when Titivillus put before him his examination papers, "that is the question."

"How would you answer this one, Doctor?" asked the confused adolescent, wiping his brows with the heliotrope handkerchief he had received for Christmas from Miss Amanuensa. "How can you make a stove out of butter?"

"I should say it depends on the butter. Now the butter churned from the milk of the ichthyosaurus is known by the modern scientists to possess the durability of the cement used in our public buildings."

A relieved look came into the eyes of Titivillus, and he proceeded with his questionnaire: "How many teeth has a crow?"

"Titivillus, I am not a dentist, nor do I recall the exact number of teeth with which the human or carnivorous races are dowered. There are crows and crows. I can imagine that some of them, as they are reputed to be birds of unusual wisdom, may use false sets of a primitive kind. I only know that their cawing frequently brings to my mind memories of the vocal intonations of Ebenezer, an old cousin of mine whose jaws have shrunken under the silver plate made for him years ago at Fond du Lac. I think it would be fairer to specify the particular crow, before the teeth are to be numbered."

Deeply impressed, Titivillus came back with another query from his examination papers: "Which flies better, a bird or a fly?"

"The flight of birds was long the concern of the Greek and Roman augurs: what formation they took in their field exercises, in circles, straight lines or angles, denoted whether war was to be declared with the Persians or Abyssinians; whether the empress was about to present the world with a little heir or heiress to the throne; or whether the weather would be fine for the circus. Flies also played a prominent part in necromantic studies during the middle-ages; the foul spirits found them a favorite disguise for trying the patience of saintly souls at their prayers; cooks had special invocations to ward them away from the soup bowls. The fly per se, without diabolical guidance, is a very swift insect. I should answer, if I were you, that for short-distance sprinting I would lay my bet on the fly: for marathons, or Lindbergh flights, I should choose the condor, eagle, albatross or swallow. This question should also be distinguished."

"If I lost my purse in a circular garden, from which end should I begin to hunt for it?" Titivillus, nothing daunted, pursued his inquiries.

"This is a question that has concerned greater minds than ours, my boy. It was put to Pope Alexander by the Spanish king. I should advise you to borrow the papal ruler, with which His Holiness drew a straight line across the globe and divided earthly territories between Spain and the other nations. Having bisected the circle equally, and on this line established a comfortable centre, when provided with a good telescope you may sit at ease on a revolving chair and deliberately survey the garden at every angle. This will save a great deal of running around, will thoroughly cover the horticultural circle and recover your purse in the most scientific manner."

"What happens if you put an egg under a stone?"

"This question is not quite clear: there are stones of different weight and size: there are eggs of varying potentialities and resistance. Age might petrify an egg into the hardness of a good piece of ammunition. I have heard my old friend,

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Rector Peregrinus, speak of one of his scholastic banquets, where he declared that the plovers' eggs called for a granite stomach. He may have been speaking rhetorically or scientifically—as he teaches in both subjects."

"How many legs has an American cat?"

"I should answer that this question depends upon the character of the neighborhood in which the feline makes his noctambular rounds. Four legs is the healthy normal allotment for the average cat—but in these days, or I should say nights, of tin cans, shoe-horns and empty milk bottles, a cat with three legs and a portion of a tail may be said to pass muster in our crowded tenements and playgrounds."

"What would you do if when walking in the street you should step on a cat and tumble over it?"

"Really, Titivillus, these questions tend to grow personal. But if I should happen to tumble over a cat, I should first pick myself up and then (no, I have friends in the Bide-a-Wee and the Society for Prevention!) then I should look around for anything that was left of the cat. What are these questions you are asking me, my boy, and where have you found them?"

"Doctor, they are taken from the psychiatric tests to detect feeble-mindedness among alien applicants for admission into the United States. I have a second cousin in Scotland who has been worried about answering these questions, and I shall send him your answers. If Andy ever gets into our country, I shall bring him to thank you for your assistance."

"Are there other questions asked?"

"There are a few other hard nuts to crack, my cousin writes me: for instance, 'How long is a rope?' 'How does a rabbit run?' 'Which is heavier, a pound of corn or a pound of feathers?' 'If a cat happens to be running in the streets at two o'clock in the morning and finds all the houses closed, where does she run in?'"

"Enough to know, enough, Titivillus. Tell your cousin Andy to pluck up his courage, for these are questions that, as Congressman Emanuel Cellar delares in Washington, 'I defy any man or woman to answer satisfactorily to the examiner.' Andy has therefore a fighting chance."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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